

THE PRESENT AGE.

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Any nation or system that cannot tolerate freedom of opinion, has on it the seal of decomposition. — Jamison.

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WHERE THE SHADOW FALLETH NEVER.

BY ANNA HERBERT.

An eminent poet says of the following: "It is perfect of its kind. It is not like any poem of the same length she ever wrote. James G. Clark, the composer and reciter, has set the poem to exquisite music. It has in it the grace and sweetnes of the 'summer sea.' Published as song and duet by Lee & Walker, 222 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and for sale at music stores."

Along the silver summer sea,

We saw the white sails drifting,

And sunset glories silently

Their golden heights were lifting,

My love sang low, as sank the glass

Across the homeward river;

The day may die, but you and I

Will live and love forever."

We shall live and love forever,

Where the shadow falleth never;

The song may die, but you and I

Will live and love forever.

Sweet day that died in sunset light,

Sweet song that failed for sweetness,

Sweet soul that rose beyond my sight

To bathe in Heaven's completeness;

The song rings still—I hear it thrill

Across death's solemn river;

The day may die, but you and I

Will live and love forever."

We shall live and love forever,

Where the shadow falleth never;

The song may die, but you and I

Will live and love forever.

BY THE PRESENT AGE.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE IMPENDING REVOLUTION.

BY H. STRAUB.

In a previous article it was seen

that all forms of oppression defend themselves by an appeal to divine revelation. Doubtless the real origin of oppression was in the undeveloped state of the race in its infancy, when the animal propensities predominated over the moral. In that state it was natural that *might* and not *right* should become the governing power.

To physical might was soon added the sanction of *divine right*, for we and all the early lawgivers claiming the sanction of the Gods for their institutions. Moses received the law from Jehovah on Mount Sinai; Numa received the institutions of Rome from a nymph in the grove of Egeria; Minos received the laws of Crete from Jupiter in a cave; Lycurgus obtained the sanction of Apollo for his Spartan institutions, and Solon prepared the minds of the Athenians for his laws by the divine ministrations of Epimenides.

That these lawgivers were good men, and benefactors of their race, cannot be denied, and that some or all of them were assisted by real spiritual agencies is highly probable; but that they exaggerated these spiritual claims in order more easily to govern the superstitious masses is evidently true. These divine sanctions, in after ages, became, in the hands of unprincipled men, a powerful instrument for every conceivable form of oppression. Consequently every effort to extend freedom and justice among the people must begin by curtailing the divine right of the law.

Before Luther and his co-laborers could establish the right of private judgment, they had to demolish the divine authority of Popes and Councils; before the Americans could establish a republic, they had to destroy the divine right of kings; before the French could establish the reign of equality and reason, they had to destroy the divine right of the nobility and the priesthood. And so, at the present time, before we can establish justice among the people, we must destroy the divine right of millionaires; and before we can procure social and political equality for woman we must destroy the divine right of man to rule over her. In short, to destroy all the various forms of oppression or divine favoritism, we must destroy their source—the divine authority of real or supposed revelations. Hence it is that most of the best reformers are liberalists or skeptics in religion, and that the greatest opposition to reform comes from orthodoxy, or belief in the divine authority of the Bible.

Hitherto the tendency has been from the extreme of orthodoxy to the extreme of skepticism. This was natural. All the evidences that the people had of a future state were found in the Bible, and when the philosophers had undermined its authority, a corresponding skepticism in mortality was the natural result. But this extreme form of skepticism became the principal objection to

the spread of liberal principles, because the human mind recoils with horror from the idea of its own annihilation. Annihilation cannot become the permanent faith of mankind; consequently there has always been a reaction in favor of the Bible. Even Danton confessed to a Catholic priest, and Robespierre, in his last speech, a few days before his death, exclaimed:

"No! Chaumette, no! Death is not an eternal sleep! Citizens, efface from the tombs this maxima, engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral shroud over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence, and insults death. Write there rather this—death is the concomitant of immortality."

So long as the church monopolized all the evidences of immortality it had the decided advantage in its struggle against science, free thought and free institutions. But the turning-point came at last. A strange ray indicating intelligence, announced its origin from the spirit world! The churchman and the skeptic listened for a moment with astonishment. The great fact was soon acknowledged. The church grew jealous and anathematized the usurper from the skies. Science, hitherto confined by the church to the material side of nature, broke her chains and seized the spirit world as the largest portion of her legitimate empire.

The church is losing the last claim she had on the affections of the people, and is now preparing to gain by strategy and the civil arm what she can no longer hold by the potent spell of divine right. It follows that Spiritualists must lead the van in the great army of progress, and never, in the history of the race, was a greater trust committed to a people. And should they prove false to their trust, the church will steal a march on humanity that may cause ages of woe to our suffering race.

It is with sincere regret, then, that we are compelled to witness the fierce dissension arising among Spiritualists. That all should not see everything in the same light is to be expected, and that some should not see proper to carry the Harmonial Philosophy into all the reforms of the present day, is also to be expected. But it does not follow that we should indulge in acrimonious, vulgar epithets, fierce personalities and violent denunciations. We should leave gladiatorial combats to Pagans and Christians, and illustrate in our lives the broad charity, the fraternal sentiment and the dispassionate reason that we advocate in our philosophy. "See how these Christians love one another" was said in commendation of early Christianity. Shall the remark, "See how these Spiritualists worry and defame each other," prove the most deadly weapon in the hands of our vigilant foes?

On the other hand, we should not stifle conviction, or suppress agitation. We who have arraigned the past and the present at the judgment bar of common sense and enlightened reason, should not fail to bring the ideas and schemes that arise among us to the same impartial tribunal. An honest criticism should not only be tolerated, but freely granted, and impartially exercised. It is when criticism descends to the level of vulgar politicians and bigoted priests that we should object. We should examine and criticize plans, ideas and principles, but rarely persons, remembering that it is the most difficult thing in the world to fully understand another's motives. There is no danger from error so long as truth is left free to combat it. The sun will continue to shine and the earth to produce her abundance, should Mrs. Woodhull make a blunder, or Mr. Tuttle and Mrs. Britton fail fully to comprehend the Impending Revolution.

DOUGLASS, MICH.

Medical degrees were conferred on a class of eighty, including six ladies, at Ann Arbor, recently. An address was delivered by Prof. Alpheus B. Crosby, formerly of the University, now at Brooklyn. Degrees were conferred on 142 law graduates, including Miss Harriet A. Patton, of Ann Arbor, and an address was delivered by President Angell. Large crowds were present. The law alumni super took place at Cook's hotel, Ann Arbor, with a good attendance, and toasts, speeches, etc.

SOMNAMBULISM AND DREAMING.

A lady communicates the following interesting facts as among the particulars of her own psychological experience. After speaking of a course of unwitting physiological infractions and medical victimization, by which she lost her health and became a dyspeptic, she proceeds thus:

"It was at this period, when the enfeebled organs rejected the most simple nourishment, and the morbid appetite was more clamorous than when in health, that I became quite noted for sleep-walking. I would get up at night, go softly into the pantry, and help myself plentifully to all the good things I could find. The moment I awoke in the morning, I commenced vomiting, and threw up things that I knew *positively* I had never swallowed. I, of course, had no knowledge of what I did in my sleep.

This was a constant practice for weeks. My friends became greatly alarmed. They thought I was playing off the grossest deception. What else could they think? In vain they threatened and entreated. Vain were all my protestations of innocence. The proof of my guilt was before us; and yet, in the sincerity of my soul, I could say, "In this thing I am innocent."

One night, after several weeks of painful anxiety, my father, as he lay awake, heard a slight noise upon the stairs. Getting up to see what it might be, he saw me in my night-dress stealing along toward the pantry.

He saw at a glance that I was utterly unconscious of what I was doing. He did not wake me, however, but waited to see what I would do. I entered the closet and made a hearty meal; and he never in his life saw a person eat when it seemed to do him so much good. He said he was very much amused to see how much art I used to remove all evidence of my night's work; and so effectually did I do this, that no one ever suspected it till I was caught in the act. Next morn I awoke as usual, too sick to raise my head from the pillow; and oh how thankful was I, when my father entered my room with a smile, saying he could explain the mystery.

For many years after this, on retiring at night, I had a strong cord fastened around me and secured to the bed-post in such a way that I could not remove it myself. How many times I awoke, and found myself tugging with might and main to break the restraining cord! If this was omitted, I was sure to get up and do some kind of mischief. At one time I broke all the teeth from a valuable hair-comb; another time I prepared breakfast, and made the coffee, and after arranging everything more properly than I could have done it when awake, I called the family and wept because they did not come. This was the last of my sleep-walking. I was no longer permitted to sleep alone.

But now comes the strangest part of my story. From that period up to the present time, I have very often seen in my sleep transactions, that, after a few weeks or days, transpired exactly in accordance with my dream. At one time I dreamed that a horrible disease had prostrated one of our neighbors—a lady who was then in good health. I saw in my sleep the doctor's horse stand at the gate, saw the lady die, and heard my sisters express their fears of taking the disease if they went to dress the corpse. But I thought they did go, and that one of them caught the disease; I saw her in a dark room, her whole person covered with a loathsome eruption; I saw her get better, go to the door and take cold. Then one and another of our family came down with the same terrible disease, until we were all sick together. The neighbors stood aloof, for fear of the contagion; and we were left almost alone in our affliction.

Such was the dream; I related it in the morning, but thought no more of it. Two weeks passed by, and the same lady was taken sick with measles in its most malignant and contagious form. The neighbors all fled from the house in terror, except my two sisters. The lady died; and then I heard again the same remarks about dressing the corpse, that I heard in my sleep. I spoke of it at the time as a strange coincidence, and one of them said she wondered if the rest would come true also. Suffice it to say, it did, even to the most trifling particular. My sister took

the disease and was very sick. Recovering, she went to the door and took cold. The same day she was exposed to the small pox, and again she was brought to the very brink of the grave. We all took the disease from her, and were all sick together.

Another time I was away from home, and I dreamed that an invalid sister was sick and dying. I saw her laid out after death in my sleep, and witnessed a post-mortem examination. The body before burial, and the grave, after the funeral, were closely watched, lest the corpse should be stolen by medical students. This, and other circumstances, too numerous to mention, I saw in my dream. The very next day the news came that my sister was dead! And not only so, but everything transpired just as I saw it in sleep.

A few days since we engaged a girl to do our housework. The next night I dreamed that she was sick and could not come. But I saw another doing the work, whom we called Lizzy. Next morning I told my sisters that Miss C. would not come to us—that sickness would prevent. They did not believe me, of course, until a note came, saying she had a severe cold and could not come. But we have now another girl, and her name is Lizzy.

THE GODS OF ANTIQUITY.

When our friend Underwood was last in Boston, he read at his lecture the following eloquent extract from Col. R. G. Ingersoll's late oration on "The Gods":

In that vast cemetery, called the past, are most of the religions of men, and there, too, are nearly all their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over column and cornice; over the painted and red walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden, with four heads, and four arms; Vishnu, the sombre, the punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace of skulls; Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess, Draupadi, the white-armed, and Krishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore, and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon, but Memnon is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fames are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised for their priests, and the old beliefs, wrought in curiously sculptured stone, sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead.

Odin, the author of life and soul, Vili, and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer, dashed mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles, and cronelechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills, and covered with the centuries' moss, are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs, have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle, and none to feed the holy flames. The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more in love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and even Danaës unnoticed, naked to the stars. Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinai; lost are the voices of the prophets, and the land, once flowing with milk and honey, is but a desert waste. One by one, the myths have faded from the clouds; one by one, the phantom host has disappeared, and one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their places. The supernatural has almost gone, but the natural remains. The gods have fled, but man is here.

"Nations, like individuals, have their periods of youth, of manhood and decay." Religions are the same. The same inexorable destiny awaits them all. The gods, created by the nations, must perish with their creators. They were created by men, and like men, they must pass away. The deities of one age are the by-words of the next. The religion of our day,

and country, is no more exempt from the sneer of the future than the others have been. When India was supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's throne. When the sceptre passed to Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the homage of mankind. Greece, with her fierce valor, swept to empire, and Jove put on the purple of authority. The earth trembled with the tread of Rome's intrepid sons, and Jupiter grasped with mailed hand the thunderbolts of Heaven. Rome fell, and Christians from her territory, with the red sword of war, carved out the ruling nations of the world, and now, Christ sits upon the old throne. Who

will be his successor? Another time I was away from home, and I dreamed that an invalid sister was sick and dying. I saw her laid out after death in my sleep, and witnessed a post-mortem examination. The body before burial, and the grave, after the funeral, were closely watched, lest the corpse should be stolen by medical students. This, and other circumstances, too numerous to mention, I saw in my dream. The very next day the news came that my sister was dead! And not only so, but everything transpired just as I saw it in sleep.

Day by day, religious conceptions grow less and less intense. Day by day, the old spirit dies out of book and creed. The burning enthusiasm, the quenchless zeal of the early church have gone, never to return. The ceremonies remain, but the ancient faith is fading out of the human heart. The worn-out arguments fail to convince, and denunciations that once blanched the faces of a race, excite in us only derision and disgust. As time rolls on, the miracles grow mean and small, and the evidences our fathers thought conclusive, utterly fail to satisfy us. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between religion and science, and they cannot peaceably occupy the same brain nor the same world.

At a meeting of the Methodist Book Committee at New York yesterday the expert appointed to examine the account of the Book Concern made a report, which it is stated, tends to bear out the allegations of fraud in the bindery department.

Does the text "by their fruits ye shall know them," apply to the case?

To shark investigation and punish those who demand it is the cause both of orthodox politicians and of orthodox religionists. People who believe in cheating the devil out of what belongs to him and who are to receive a heaven to which they say they are not entitled, may naturally gravitate to smaller frauds.

A. C.

If ever there was a religion going to decay and ruin it is Buddhism in Japan. The temples and shrines are being deserted. The number of priests has decreased nearly one-third within five years. Geog and Chem are sapping its foundations. Sintoism—a cultured and intellectual atheism, with which Buddhism has blended for the sake of gratifying the Japanese, is in a transient flush of power. No one can move among the young men of Japan without feeling that he moves among forecast shadows of coming events.—*Christian Weekly*.

Baltimore Correspondence.

BY MISS ELLEN M. HARRIS.

SPIRITUALISM IN BALTIMORE.

The two progressive lyceums continue to meet every Sunday at Lyceum Hall and Lyric Hall respectively. Lectures are still continued on Sunday evening at Lyceum Hall, Mrs. Rachel Walcott having been for some time back the speaker. Of this lady mention has already been made. Her power of spiritual insight is remarkable, and only needs a broader range of experience and cultivation to make it widely recognized as the means of incalculable blessing. We subjoin an abstract of one of her discourses. Having solicited a subject from the audience, and the choice being referred back to herself, she based her subsequent remarks upon a clairvoyant vision, described as it was seen at that moment, and given below as nearly as possible in her own words.

FRIENDS, your being assembled here to-night presents to the spiritual eye a beautiful scene. From each one of you arise visible magnetic emanations, which flow out and aggregate near the center of this room. These emanations are composed, like your natures, of a variety of elements, and associated together present somewhat the appearance of a vapory cloud. Upon this cloud the brightness of attendant angels throws its rays, producing an atmosphere, so to speak, of the most brilliant colors, continually varying, with the ever changing position of the elements

that comprise it. These magnetic elements and the changes that pertain to them, shall be the subject of this evening's meeting.

Why do these different emanations arise and converge to one spot? Because in this instance your thoughts are tending, for the most part, in one direction, and the thought gives the impulse to the magnetism which each individual is continually throwing off, hence the centering in one common point. The variations in the colors is due to the variety of elements in the magnetism derived from natures differing each from each, and every one at the same time complex in itself. The variety of motion, even in the present tendency of the emanations to a common center, is attributable to the same cause. To this atmosphere certain spirits are attracted, and each throwing out thought and magnetism peculiar to itself.

Hence it is that by association, by thus meeting together, you elevate yourselves, assist each other, and the more readily enable your spirit guardians to help you up the steep of progress. But first, be you each one a center in yourself, the main battery whence is generated the forces that impel you specially, and this, united with the forces of your friends human and spirit, forms a stronger battery. So unite your forces and be strengthened spiritually, for as spiritual nature advances it yields a mighty influence over all the conditions of physical life. You recognize the advantages of uniting for mutual benefit in your material life; of not less importance to the spiritual life is the intermingling and interchange of your spiritual forces. When emanations are attracted from you to another, be assured you have answered a want in that nature, and will receive back something to supply a lack in yours. An individual can live a healthy life without this interchange of magnetic elements. God never designed man to live the life of a hermit. Why is it that you assemble yourselves together for any purpose? why organize churches, societies, institutions, associations of any sort? Because there is a natural pleasure in human intercourse, born of an instinct of mutual dependence—a feeling common to us all that no one human, be he ever so superior, possesses all of strength, power, wisdom, goodness. The law of nature declares that we *must* have association to answer this inner longing to give of ourselves to others and receive back from others what we have not.

One point more: According to the nature of the magnetic emanations that you give out, are those which you receive. Send off that which is pure and fine, and you will be recompensed in kind. You may reach the law of any condition in your earthly lifetime, if your nature is developed to receive that condition. If you see only the dark side of humanity it is because you have turned your back to the beautiful. Look upward, look heavenward, if you would have a halo of light encircling you every moment. Let your aspirations reach out like a plant to the sunlight, and you will feel the roots of truth strike deeper and yet deeper in your being, till your soul blossoms into the fruitage of true manhood or womanhood. And you whose souls can reach out thus when cased in mortal frame, for what may you not hope when arrayed at last in robes of immortality!

Onward ever and upward
Still let your soul aspire,
And in obedience to God's will,
You'll attain your heart's desire.

BALTIMORE ITEMS.

Mrs. NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD addressed the Spiritualists assembled at Lyceum Hall, Sunday evening, May 12th. She is

For the Present Age.
A GLIMPSE OF SUMMER LAND.

BY MRS. ELEANOR M. FIERCE.

The stars looked down from the azure sky,
Afloat in the twilight gray.
And the crescent moon was sailing high
At the close of a summer day—
When the lily had folded her weary lids,
And the wind its vespers sang;
In echoes soft that came at her bid,
At the hour when church bells rang;

Toasted by the with'ring hand of Time,
My frame seemed wasting away,
Pensive thoughts mingling with evening
chime,

Soothing my shadowy stay,—
As my soul seemed gliding down life's
stream,

Thrilled with its ebb and flow,
The quivering light of a heavenly beam,
Kissed mine eyes with radiant glow.

And I saw a forest deep and dense,
Forming one arch of green,
Where the trill of song birds charmed my
sense

Mid boughs of glimmering sheen,
And a silvery stream winding in and out,
Through forest and glen like a vision,
While sunbeams mellow, trembled about
Over gloaming fields elysian.

Past the woodland's fair and the cities din,
Seemed a gay and moving throng,
And the glories of life each strove to win,
As they were journeying along,
While some were clad in the ancient garb
Of a hundred years ago,
And doting hearts with quivering bairn,
Beamed love from eyes aglow.

As a child unfolded her drowsy eyes
Fanned by the zephyr's wing—
Her young face fair as the morning skies
As she layed in the crystal spring;
Her voice as she spoke was soft and sweet
As the lay of the silvery stream,
And she prattled on in her childish way,
Of errands of love—her theme.

An emblem of purity sweet and fair,
A language and power that be,
Entwining love's tendrils rich and rare
Round human hearts tenderly,
Like sunshine over a darkened cave,
Are charms of the shaded eve;
Stilling the tide of the human wave,
When the day's last glories leave.

As twin-born sisters approaching in space
I beheld a courtly train
Borne dim and far as the eye could trace,
Away o'er the breezless main,
And glittering crowns of emeralds bright
Rested on each fair brow,
While gossamer robes of blue and white,
Fell round them with billowy flow.

And as the sweetness of bugle strains
Led onward the mighty band,
In chorus united their glad refrains,
Wafted from summer land:
As I gazed in awe on this scene sublime,
My spirit longed to be free,
To bask in the glow of a purer clime,
Away o'er the waveless sea.

WAUKEGAN, ILL.

REVIEW OF A SERMON DELIVERED BY
THE REV. MR. BALDWIN, AT MUSKEGAN, MICH.

BY IRA PORTER.

Text: Ephesians III. 17, 18th and 19th
verses. "That Christ may dwell in your
hearts by faith, that ye being rooted and
grounded in love, may be able to comprehend,
with all saints, what is the breadth and
length, and depth, and height; and to
know the love of Christ which passeth
knowledge, that ye might be filled with all
the fulness of God."

His reverence, who has good education and something more than an average of natural talent, started out with the proposition that the phrase "to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," was a contradiction in terms, instead of a revelation, except to a converted man. In dwelling upon this thought he showed clearly what infidels have been for years affirming, that God himself cannot make a revelation of truth, which needs words for its expression.

Nearly one hundred years ago, Thomas Paine, one of the greatest and best men the world has known, treating upon revelation, *expressed* what the reverend divine implied in the following words:

The continual progressive change to which the meaning of words is subject, the want of a universal language which makes translation necessary, the errors to which translations are subject, the mistakes of copyists and printers, together with the possibility of wilful alterations, are of themselves evidences that human language, whether in speech or in print, cannot be the vehicle of the word of God. The word of God exists in something else.

The prominent idea of the discourse was the breadth, length, depth and height of the love of Christ. Comparing it to a cube, he made it broad as the human family, embracing every continent and island of earth, every race and color of the human family—so deep that it descended to the lowest strata of human ignorance and vice, reaching down, past Mary Magdalene to the

deepest sinks of prostitution and debauchery, and upward to the rapt seraphs who dwell in the presence of the great white throne and of Him who sits thereon; that its length extended to that endless period which can be measured only by our immortality.

Had he attributed the same love to God which he ascribed to Christ, he would have made the universal salvation of every son and daughter of the human family a necessity. He carefully avoided such a heresy, and said nothing to mar the creed, which, as a Methodist minister, he was paid to maintain. It was Christ, not God, that thus loved sinners. God was intent on justice; Christ on mercy. God demands the pound of flesh; Christ would waive the penalty. Christ is willing to be murdered, and by wicked hands crucified and slain rather than have the whole human race eternally damned for Adam's and Eve's peccadilloes in the garden of Eden. Christ intercedes for the offenders; God relaxes his severity toward Adam, and his posterity accepts the proposed plan that his Son shall be born of woman, be cradled in a manger, grow up to manhood and practice the carpenter's trade in obscurity, be crucified by the hands of vindictive prejudice for no crime, and thus divine vengeance should be appeased toward those who understood the plan, believed in it, and were baptized, but toward no other. All those who disbelieve either the history or the efficacy of the murder are left to be eternally damned, as if no murder had been committed.

The popular doctrine makes God the Father, the Judge; God the Son the gratuitous Advocate with the Father. God the Father as judge is supposed to have had the world already arraigned, tried, convicted and brought into court to receive a final sentence of endless damnation. God the Son, without solicitation of the convicted culprit, without fee or reward, presents himself as his advocate, and moves for an arrest of judgment. To obtain for the culprit the mitigation of a sentence which he seeks, implies that the sentence he seeks to mitigate was too severe, or that he interferes to prevent what justice demanded should be done. It would not be strange that a culprit who would commit robbery, burglary, arson, theft, or murder, would welcome such an advocacy and feel grateful toward an advocate who should thus manifest more of sympathy for the culprit, than of regard for the law he had violated. It is quite natural that an ignorant, selfish man, trembling under the fear of impending justice, or smarting under its execution, should welcome the free services of such an advocate, and feel grateful for his sympathy. Emotions of gratitude are calculated to improve human character, and when it is so undeveloped as to desire escape from the rightful consequences of its own acts, it will naturally love whoever helps to effect it.

The evangelical churches have a theology well calculated to inspire this kind of affection toward Christ. It makes him an intercessor, an advocate. An "intercessor" implies somebody to be influenced to do either right or wrong, as the advocate requests. The necessity of an intercessor implies that the party intercessed has resolved to do something improper, or to omit to do what ought to be done, and that unless he is intercessed with him will commit one or the other of these wrongs. If the second person of the Trinity intercedes with the first, it must be because the first had resolved to do wrong and the second wished to prevent him from doing it; or, because the first had determined to do right and the second wished to persuade him to do otherwise; or in other words to persuade him to do wrong. It is to be hoped that the time may yet come that men and women will reach such a state of development that they will welcome the execution of justice, though it may be attended with personal suffering to themselves. When we can considerately pray that justice may be done on earth and in heaven, whatever may be the consequence to us, we cannot welcome the services of any advocate who volunteers to prevent it. If the time shall ever

come when we are just, merciful and benevolent, we will then have a just, merciful and benevolent God. We shall then know that with Him we need no advocate, no intercessor. We shall then see the pertinence of that expression, pronounced blasphemous by some, with which the Hon. Robert Ingerson opened a lecture lately delivered at Peoria, "An honest God is the noblest work of man," and may not we add that a divided God, half pitiful and half vengeful, is the bungling work of a savage and barbarous age?

A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU.

The divinity students of the Theological Seminary in New Brunswick, N. J., have been preaching in the school houses, almshouses, hospitals and prisons, in and near New Brunswick.—*Exchange.*

All right. A belief in vicarious atonement, "salvation by faith alone," endless punishment, etc., directly fill prisons; and indirectly, (by sapping all faith in one's self and inducing a neglect of sanitary education by reason of mental concentration on the means to escape hell fire,) such belief tends to fill hospitals and almshouses. Possibly on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, the same kind of preaching that makes paupers criminals and patients, may comfort them, though the way in which said comfort is brought about is not clear to the "carceral mind."

While said students are thus engaged, we mildly suggest that a small dose of statistics might pleasantly vary the lugubrious labor. For instance; how many and what percentage of the inmates believe in the cheerful doctrine of endless punishment, and the invigorating one of good-for-nothing representation, and whether any of those horrible people called Universalists, Spiritualists, free thinkers, free religionists, Unitarians, etc., are inmates of these institutions, and if so, how much?

Apparently the census is judiciously reticent on such points.

A. C.
JAPANESE MISSIONARIES.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," has always been accepted and quoted as the very essence of Christianity; and yet we find a proposition that in the Japanese treaty now about to be entered into by our government, we shall insist upon the insertion of a clause providing for the establishment of Christian churches, missionaries, etc., in that country. How would we like it were they to insist upon a similar provision, and ask for the establishment of Pagan temples upon our hillsides with a view to our ultimate conversion to that more ancient faith, and the gradual suppression of the modern innovation called Christianity? And they could bring some potent arguments to bear, did they choose to attack us on the subject of religion. Their faith is far the oldest, and has the most adherents among the world's inhabitants. And they believe in their religion, while we only pretend to believe in ours.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Just what we might expect from Methodistic influences in the Government. I observe that California papers are much more outspoken on religious matters than Eastern ones, in this and other cases. The Japanese, however, are throwing off their religion about as fast as we are ours, and it is decidedly undesirable that they should put on our cast-off clothing or we theirs. Both religions are opposed to progress, and the foes of human welfare.

A. C.

The theory to be encouraged here is a reverent freedom—a freedom preceded by the hard discipline which checks licentiousness in speculation; while the thing to be repressed, both in science and out of it, is dogmatism.—*Tyndall on the Scientific Uses of the Imagination.*

Dogmatism is a vice not confined to orthodox religionists. Many leading physicians of the materialistic school in Germany, some in France and one or more in England, to say nothing of their feeble imitators in the U. S., are excessively dogmatic in reference to all evidences or indications of immortality, either in the nature of man or in the way of direct evidence of a future life. Huxley must be so classed, abandoning the very rudiments of the scientific methods followed by him in spiritual investigation the moment Spiritualism is the subject of judgment. Shallow materialists are very apt to reason in a circle by assuming at the outset the thing to be proved or disproved. Even Spiritualists are too apt to be dogmatic in some cases.

A. C.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER OF ROBERT SNEESBY TO HIS BROTHER IN ENGLAND.

You wish to know where I go to church. Very often in my own house. I do not believe that infernal doctrine I used to hear and which you hear to-day. I believe in one God who is the first and the last, the fountain of life, Creator, Preserver and Governor of the Universe.

I believe we are all punished for our sins, but not in an endless hell. For God is love; his tender mercies are over all his works, and the will of God is that all men should be saved.

Your creed is that the devil was once an angel of light in heaven, but trying to dethrone God, there was war in consequence, God got the mastery and cast him out.

Now if God, who is infinite in power, could not manage him, how did he suppose that we weak mortals could shun his wiles? In a word, if there was ever war in heaven, sin was there; and if so, it may be there again. I would here like to ask you who will manage this endless hell when the devil and all his works are destroyed, as the Scriptures tell us will be done. According to that, there is a prospect that God will have both heaven and hell to manage, and no devil to help him. Will God, who is all love, be able to carry on that business alone?

COLD BATHING.

There is altogether too much of it. Some persons can take daily or occasional cold baths with impunity. Many who do so are hurt by it. Indeed, half the people who bathe, aside from the negative benefit of removing dirt, get more harm than good in the process, as conducted by them.

A good many persons have destroyed their little remaining health by injudicious bathing.

The use of cold water in bathing is not essential to cleanliness. If tepid water could be substituted for that which is cold, in the idea, becoming so popular, of the benefits of bathing, the public health would be promoted as a consequence.

Whoever finds himself or herself exhilarated, refreshed, toned up, strengthened, by the cold bath, and yet some hours later, feels unstrung, debilitated or depressed, may conclude with certainty that to him or to her the cold bath is injurious. It disturbs the circulation, exhausts the vital powers, and tends to fix and render permanent, any disease or bodily derangement from which the person may be suffering.

Though one feels feeble in the morning and scarcely able to go about till stimulated by a cold bath, better bear the sense of weakness and so reserve some degree of force for the latter part of the day, than to be made to "feel fine" in the morning by drawing on the reserve force, and then "feel all gone" when the reaction comes. In the one case life is shortened, in the other it is preserved.

Feeble women ought to think of this, and particularly feeble teachers. Let them seek to understand the laws by which vital power exhibits itself and learn to be economical in its expenditure, for they are apt to have but a low stock of it at their disposal.

DR. HARRIET N. AUSTIN.

SIMON'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

The following ancient bit of pleasureantry will, we think, bear resuscitation and be read with pleasure. It will also be new to a great many. A countryman was in New York on an August Sunday, and crossed the Brooklyn ferry in the morning, for the purpose of hearing Beecher. But lo! the Plymouth pulpit was occupied by a stranger, who delivered a tedious, common-place sermon from the text: "And behold Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." Beecher was away taking his vacation.

In the afternoon the man sought to console himself for his morning's disappointment by listening to E. H. Chapin. He was shown to a front seat by the sexton of E. H. Chapin's church, and in due time was horrified to see the minister of the morning appear in the pulpit. The poor victim heard, for the second time, the sermon from the text: "And behold Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," and went out of the sacred place very much discouraged. Chapin was taking his Summer vacation.

In the evening the man, thinking to redeem in a measure the defeat of the day, accepted a choice sitting in the Reform Dutch Church, for the sake of hearing the genial, eloquent and scholarly Bethune. But his heart was quite broken when the evil spirit that had possessed him all day

got up and gave out a hymn. And when the text was announced, "And behold Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," the party who knew all about the subject, rushed wildly from the overdose and ran to his hotel. Dr. Bethune was taking his Summer vacation.

The next morning the man took the first train for home, and stepping into the car, there was his ministerial friend of the day before, with his sermon under his arm. The New York bells were ringing a fire-alarm, and says the minister to his lay brother, "Friend, do you know what those bells are tolling for?" Says the countryman, looking hard at the sermon, "I don't know; but I shouldn't wonder if Simon's wife's mother was dead. I heard three times yesterday that she was down with a fever."

Correspondence.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—Your corresponding editor, in the AGE of April 6th, holds some queer notions on the subject of God and religion, and I am at a loss to know whether the brother is joking, or whether, as in the case of Paul, "Much learning hath made him mad."

No matter whether God is a spirit, with "human form divine," or whether He or it, is a principle permeating the universe. Shape or form is of little consequence to us. That there is a natural tendency in man to worship this principle or spirit—which I call God—but few persons will deny; and this feeling seems to be intuitive, for it is held by the savage, as well as by his more civilized brother.

I think brother Jamieson assumes quite too much, when he proclaims that "Spiritualists have no God to worship." Spiritualists are not all heathen, nor will they all quietly submit to his proclamation on that question, without a protest against such unwarranted assumption of authority. He would make the world believe that Spiritualists have a "creed," and that one of the slivers from their spiritual planks, "Spiritualists have no God to worship, love, fear or obey." He further states that "an organized God could not be infinite." How does he know that? How can he, or anyone else, ever know that? I myself assert that he has no philosophy that can reach that question. Infinity can never be measured by finite man.

Among other questions he asks, "Will any Spiritualist point to a religion that he does not deem a superstition?" I will try, but I only speak for myself. My definition of religion is, love to God, and universal good will to man. There is no "superstition" about that. It may not satisfy our Godless brother, but I believe the majority of Spiritualists will call that religion, with the "superstition" left out. That mode of life will not beget creeds, but will expand the soul, and increase our charitable feelings towards our fellow man, both in this life and the other. In my opinion there can be but one religion. The brother evidently believes in a variety. He may be correct, but I don't see it in that light. I know it is a common thing for writers and speakers to talk of the *Christian* religion, as though no person but a professed Christian could entertain the worshipful, loving feeling, that all men in or out of the church may entertain. A Mahometan or Pagan, may entertain love to Deity, and universal good will to humanity, without any knowledge of Christianity or definite idea of Deity, or a future state. The belief in creeds is not religion; and here is where I think our brother W. F. J. is a little mixed; herein lies the "mystery" he talks so much about.

Three Gods in one, "total depravity," "wiarious atonement," personal devil, "hell fire," a "pent up" Heaven and all that kind of trash, is where the "mystery" comes in. Here is where man "prostes his reason to faith." When I find a man—as I do sometimes—that believes in all this mythical nonsense, I am almost persuaded to believe in "total depravity."

Creeds do not make men better, because there is nothing in them to call out his higher and better nature—nothing to develop the spiritual; all is misty, dark and incomprehensible; the Divinity within is crushed out by the great weight of such indigestible nonsense, forced upon Christian worshippers.

If our brother W. F. J. will search after religion as anxiously and faithfully as brother Francis has searched after God, he may overtake it, but I am quite confident that he will have to search outside of creeds to find it. I hope both of them will hurry their search, and find what they are looking for before the 12th of August, otherwise, if the Geneva astronomer is correct their labor will be lost to a benighted humanity.

R. B. HALL.

OAKLAND, CAL. April 23, 1872.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—I write to let you know that the cause for which you are spending your untiring energies is progressing finely in our place. We have been in need of a good speaker here for some time, but living away from railroads, it is inconvenient to get lecturers to call on us. Some time ago I wrote to Brother Jamieson if he ever came to Iowa again to make us a visit, and renew our spiritual strength. In return he gave me an introduction to brother R. G. Eccles of Kansas City, one of his godsons, claiming that the son could fill the place of his father on any and all subjects. I procured the boy's services for a month. He proved himself capable of his task, and worthy the father's recommendation. He has destroyed the influence of the two churches in this place. Brother Eccles is a strong bold reasoner, uses plain language

suited to every capacity of mind, and of humanity's bright stars in the upper firmament of the spiritual heavens. Like Jamieson we do not hesitate to recommend him as a valuable teacher. The next Sunday, holding our meetings at Rock Island, we have made arrangements to meet with them, and change of ideas. Some mediums we have developed here that promises much to seekers of spiritual phenomena. I will port as we progress.

Yours for the Age,
WM. D.

LAMBERT, IOWA, May 5, 1872.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—Doubtless it will be interesting to you to learn that the Universalists of Rock Island, Ill., have been convened to the seed of union in action.

On the fourth of May they organized at Rock Island, Ill., the Association of Universalists and Liberalists of Rock Island County and vicinity.

The object was the moral elevation of man, by the propagation of moral, religious, spiritual truths.

The officers unanimously elected Mr. Henry Dart, Rock Island, Ill., President, Mr. James Thompson of Davenport, Iowa, Vice-President, Mrs. Sarah F. Noyes of Davenport, Ill., Secretary, Mr. W. B. Ewing of Davenport, Iowa, Dr. J. H. Hoke of Coal Valley, Ill., Mr. A. Washburn of Coal Valley, Ill., Mr. A. Bull of Rock Island, Ill., G. J. Gould of Moline, Ill., Trustees.

The attendance of the Rev. Mr. Ewing had been secured and three of his important lectures aroused much interest. Drawing out some opposition, his courage and ability in debate was proved beyond question. For logical argument and clear analysis he cannot easily be excelled.

The meetings were characterized by many of feeling and action; individual with freedom of thought and expression in the controlling idea.

S. F. Noyes, Secy.

LETTER FROM MRS. LUCIA H. COWLES.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—I went to Cardington for one Sunday only, last morning and evening in school house here. There was not a large audience in the morning; in the evening the hall was well filled by an intelligent and seemingly well educated audience. I found some noble spirits there. Among them F. M. Ewing and who for many years have stood bravely for the "right," and borne the heat and burden of the unpopular day of Spiritualism. Last winter they built a cabinet, their parlor to seances, hired R. M. St. John (a medium for physical manifestations) to come there, devoting time and money to the same. On opening the door the committee found the medium in the sack tied as was placed there, and no human being but him inside the cabinet. Such manifestations cannot do less than convince the world of the presence of a power, and eventually lead to the solution of the problem of life and our destiny.

Went from Cardington to Mt. Gilead and gave two lectures there, one on Saturday evening and one on Sunday. The school there, a Methodist, seemed to have many conscientious scruples about having a Spiritual meeting on the Sabbath, and did not attend. But the angels were with us, and we had two good meetings there. After the Sunday meeting a Universalist brother and sister took me by the hand and said that next time I came to Gilead, if the Universalist Church was not in use, I could have it to meet in. A singular coincidence, perhaps worthy of mention, is that the Methodists held a meeting at 3 o'clock, P. M., the bell ringing at the time we assembled at the Court House. There was something entirely out of the usual custom. Prejudice was very bitter there, but deep interest was manifested by all attendance, and I was told that the heads of the place were there. Certainly there were six or seven lawyers in attendance, and I believe they generally have accredited them more brains than conscience; when their brains are illuminated by spiritual light and truth, they may perhaps inherit the kingdom of heaven (harmony before many of the self-righteous priesthood). In every place I find an earnest questioning among the masses to know more of the beautiful religion of Spiritualism; an asking that will take no denial until the question of old, that trembles to the bone, is answered. A man die shall he live again? Theology has failed to answer us. The Divines cannot tell us, the Bible, as they say, "is embalmed silent upon the subject," hence only by the facts, phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, coming through the spiritual faculties of each and all, can the question be satisfactorily answered.

Yours for the truth,

LUCIA H. COWLES.

The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal.

Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reforms.

Poetry, Literature and General Intelligence.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - EDITOR.

Associate Editors:

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, E. S. WHEELER.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Tuesday morning, May 7th, bound for New York, we left the city of Chicago, so recently a wide-spread ruin, but now, as if by magic rising from out the dust and ashes, a new city, beautiful in the modern style and uniformity of its architecture. It is not our purpose, however, to write of places we leave behind, but of scenes and incidents of a trip to the great commercial metropolis of America, and perhaps make brief mention of the proceedings of conventions and meetings during Anniversary week, at least of those likely to interest the readers of the *Present Age*. The journey across the Peninsular state, if made in the magnificent cars of the Michigan Central Railway, this season of the year, is delightful beyond description. The Great Western Railway, so well managed by our old friend, W. K. Muir, in years past connected with the Detroit and Milwaukee and Michigan Central Railways, now General Superintendent of this popular road, takes us from Detroit to Suspension Bridge by night or by day in coaches neat and comfortable. While crossing the Bridge, itself a wonder of art, a good view is obtained of Niagara Falls and of the foaming, rushing Rapids, hundreds of feet below, scarcely less attractive to the awe-stricken beholder than the mighty falls of water in plain view although nearly two miles distant. Of the grandeur of the Falls and surroundings we need not speak. To be fully appreciated they must be seen, not merely by a hasty glance, but by days and weeks of close observation, in which the lover of the beautiful and grand in nature will never tire.

From this point we had provided ourselves with tickets over the

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILWAY, of which we had for many years heard so much, but had never travelled.

We shall speak more particularly of this road from the fact that it was new to us, and although our description of its scenery can at best give our reader but a faint idea of the reality, yet it may induce some lover of the beautiful in nature to take this route in their journeys east.

This stupendous work is a grand monument to the enterprise, genius, and persevering industry of its energetic and indomitable originators and promoters. Extending from New York by a nearly direct general course to Lake Erie, one of the great chain of inland seas which transport on their broad bosoms the commerce of a continent, it seems almost a miracle of engineering achievement. It traverses sections of country where it was pronounced a mark of insanity to advocate such a project. It crosses mountain ridges and valleys deemed utterly impassable, and bridges wild ravines where bold engineers shook their heads in despair. The original charter was granted April, 1832. The work was commenced in 1836, but owing to many delays, financial embarrassments and the immensity of the work, was not completed until April 22nd, 1851, when the entire line was opened for business to Dunkirk, a distance of four hundred and seventy miles from New York. Subsequently the construction of the Northwestern division connected New York and Buffalo by this route, a distance of four hundred and twenty-three miles. The scenery along nearly the entire route is grand and imposing. After passing through the picturesque valley of the Passaic, in Northern New Jersey, and the rolling and verdure-clad pastures of Rockland and Orange counties, where some of the finest dairies in the world are found, the bold and rugged scenery of the Delaware valley engages the attention of the traveler for the next one hundred miles, to Deposit Station. From here we cross the country, surmounting a summit, to the Susquehanna valley. The valley of this beautiful river and its tributaries is then followed to Hornellsville, affording interesting and picturesque views of scenery. From Hornellsville, on the main route, we again strike across the country, surmounting another summit, to the Alleghany River, at Olean, and follow its valley to Salamanca; from thence up the wild and rugged one of a tributary stream, and over another summit, to the basin of Lake Erie, in descending the slope of which we catch occasional glimpses of that remarkable inland sea.

In our estimation there was no one

locality of greater interest than the village of Portage, a place of perhaps three thousand inhabitants on the Genesee valley canal and the Genesee river. In its immediate vicinity are the Genesee Falls, three in number, each of which is remarkable for its beauty and grandeur. The upper or Horseshoe Falls, seventy feet high, are about three-quarters of a mile below the village. The Middle Falls are about one-quarter of a mile further down the river. Here the water pours in an unbroken sheet into a cataract one hundred and ten feet below, which is bounded by perpendicular ledges. A cave, called the "Devil's Oven," has been worn into the rocks on the west bank, near the bottom of the Falls. In low water one hundred persons can be seated in it, but when the river is high it is filled with water. Two miles below the Middle Falls, before reaching the third, the river pursues a winding course between perpendicular walls, across which a man might almost leap, then descends in a succession of rocky steps almost as regular as a staircase, dives under a shelving rock, and descends into a narrow pass about fifteen feet wide; descending perpendicular for twenty feet it strikes against the base of high rocks, whirls back, and, turning nearly at right angles, falls into a deep pool overhung with shelving rocks. "Sugar Loaf," an isolated mass of rock, fifteen feet in diameter and one hundred feet high, rises from the riverbed at a bend in its course, and receives nearly the whole force of the rushing waters. These Falls are accessible only from the west side. The perpendicular bank on the west of the river is three hundred and eighty feet high at one point. The bridge by which the railway crosses the river is the largest railroad bridge in the world. This bridge was built at a cost of \$175,000, and stands upon thirteen strong stone piers set in the bed of the river and rising sufficiently above high-water mark to be secure against freshets. Above these piers a trestle-work rises two hundred and thirty-four feet, on the top of which the track of the road is laid. The bridge is eight hundred feet long, and is so constructed that any timber in the whole structure can be removed and replaced at pleasure. The first and second falls can be seen from the bridge, and present a grand appearance as they are seen in the distance dashing over the rocks and plunging into the black basin. In some places the rocks of the ravine are three hundred feet high, and small streams, trickling over the top of this wall, dissolve into blue mist long before they reach the bottom.

On our way East we esteemed it most fortunate to have the genial A. D. Thompson as the conductor of the train from Buffalo to Owego. This gentleman has been connected with the road over twenty years. From Owego to Port Jervis our conductor was C. O. Graves. These gentlemen seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in pointing out the places of interest along the road, and we are told that this fact may be noted of all conductors employed by the company. So far as our observation extended, we found the employees of the road attentive to their duties and courteous in deportment. In New York City we visited the magnificent building at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty Third street occupied for the offices of the company. Here we met the affable General Passenger Agent, Wm. R. Barr, under whose management this branch of the vast business of this company is so admirably conducted. General Dix and other prominent officers we were not fortunate enough to meet. We are well aware of the fault findings of the past in regard to the financial management of this great corporate body, of which we have nothing to say; but of one thing the public may be well assured, that for the best interests of the traveling public there is no better or more safely managed railway in the world. It is positively a luxury to pass over this route in its luxurious drawing-room cars.

We were glad to learn that its business is constantly increasing. Mr. Barr informed us that the increased earnings of the road for the month of April 1872, over the corresponding month of 1871, was one hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars. From this statement some idea may be formed of the vastness of its business. One great feature of this road is its broad gauge and wider cars, which travellers who are only familiar with narrow gauge railways can hardly appreciate. Finally, for more reasons than we can now give, we say to our friends journeying to the east, take the ERIE RAILWAY from Buffalo or Suspension Bridge, in preference to any other.

NEW YORK.

We find ourselves at the Astor House conveniently located for travelers in the lower part of this city, well termed the bedlam of America. After rest and breakfast we make our way to Steinway Hall where is to assemble the National Woman Suffrage Association. That veteran in the cause, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is already in the chair, and has called the

meeting to order. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker in response to invitation very quietly and modestly steps to the desk, and opens the meeting by prayer. The words are few and well chosen, and we listen reverently. On the platform we notice Laura DeForce Gordon, Kate Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Mary F. Davis, Mrs. Woodhull and many other workers in this cause. After the formal opening of the meeting Mrs. Stanton said:

We are not here to-day to rehearse old arguments for woman suffrage, which we have advocated for the last twenty-five years, but to inaugurate a new political party. It is not probable that during this Convention we shall nominate candidate. But we propose to take the initiatory step for a Convention of new forces, such as we have never had before. The politicians who are afraid that our support will not be given them say that our cause is so holy, and should be kept so high in the clouds that we could never see our flags. [Applause.] But now we propose to descend to the political business of life. To-day we are combined with the Liberal Reformers, with the Prohibitionists, and the Internationals, with all classes of men who will help to roll back the constitutional doors that we may enter and enjoy the rights that belong to every free citizen of the United States. [Applause.] We claim, under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, that we are citizens of the United States to-day, and we have as good a right to go to the polls as any man, black or white, lettered or unlettered, washed or unwashed, and we don't propose any longer to petition national legislators for the right. We intend to go to the polls, register our names, and if our votes are refused, we will contest it in the Supreme Court of the United States. We are to consider the platform of a new party to-day. We condemn the platform of the Republicans, which amounts to nothing but a series of platitudes.

Mrs. Hooker read the platform of principles as proposed for the new party. We cannot find room except for the declaration and the following articles, which we regard as excellent, and most earnestly wish there was some hope of their early adoption by the people.

We, women citizens of the United States, in National Convention assembled at New York, proclaim the following principles as essential to just government:

1. We recognize the equality of all before the law, and hold that it is the duty of Government in its dealings with the people to mete out equal and exact justice to all of whatever nativity, race, color, sex, or persuasion, religious or political.

3. We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all disabilities now imposed on Reels and women, believing that universal suffrage and universal amnesty will result in complete purification in the family, and in all sections of the country.

4. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with the public order, for the State, self-government, and for the nation adherence to the methods of peace, and the constitutional limitations of power.

6. We affirm that no form of taxation is just or wise which puts burdens upon the people by means of duties intended to increase the price of domestic products and which are unnecessary for purposes of revenue. Taxes should not be laid on the necessities, but upon the luxuries of life, that the rich and not the poor may pay the burdens.

7. The highest consideration of commercial morality and honest government requires a thorough reform of the present financial system. The interests of the people demand a cheap, sound, uniform, abundant and elastic currency, to be a permanent measure of value, based on the wealth of the nation. This will be found in the issue of currency or certificates of value by the Government for all duties, taxes and imposts whatever, which shall be legal-tender for all debts, public and private; such currency to be the lawful money of the United States, and convertible at the option of the holder into Government bonds bearing a rate of interest not exceeding ten percent, and to be convertible into currency at the will of the holder.

9. We are opposed to all grants of land to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers, an inalienable homestead secured to every man and woman.

10. We believe in the principles of the referendum, minority representation, and a just system of graduated taxation.

11. It is the duty of Government

to regard children and criminals as wards of the State; to secure to the one the best advantages of education, and for the other more humane legislation and better methods of reformation.

12. We believe in the principles

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63. We believe in the principles

THE PRESENT AGE.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY ANNA MERRITT.

"Tare Jane day, put off your crown,
And leave your throne of blossoming
glory,
While on your green and golden gown
I write a message for my lover,
Good bridal ring of earth and air,
Were mine the power your touch dis-
closes,
My skin should greet him everywhere,
Through earth distilling dew, and roses,
White lilies, floating on the marge
Of sapphire waters, wake from dream-
me!"

Your loves shall be my emerald barge
With golden pennons gaily gleaming—
To light my love along the sea
By which his restless feet are roaming;
Sail saying, "Comes a sail for me
Awaist the mountain's purple gloom-
ing?"

Green roses, clad in crimson state,
Breath whispers of your proud pos-
sessor!
Delect the secret learned so late,
And pour your souls in sweet confes-
sion!

Love stole so near my darling's head,
The while he told the old, old story,
That when the cloud of wonder fled
Your hearts had caught its hidden glory,
For this, when June winds wander free,
And June tides pulse the perfumed val-
leys.

Your bards my coronal shall be
For Sorrow's holy, haunted biles.

Strange blooms that throb with lips aflare,
Have you no word all words exceeding,
So precious, pure, baptismal name,
For Passion's very heart of pleading?

Strong winds that blow from upper air,
Know ye not, near the heights of glory,
Some wandering sweetness that shall bear
Through earth my soul's unuttered story?

Then bird, a-quiver all day long,
Just touching earth in careless screeching,
Glad bird, take up the falling song,
And bear it to the Gates of Morning.

O, calm June heaven! God's lilled lawn!
The song that trilled through drooping
branches

Has met the javelins of the dawn,
That breaks in golden avalanches!

In vain. Love's rapture of excess
Is when her white wings downward flut-
ter,

And while a thousand glories press,

No word, save one, her lips can utter.

Strange—strange how one familiar bird
With one dear note has power to move
you;

So life repeats that same word.

Scars heard through kisses, "Love, I
love you!"

Ah me! some lives that note may miss,
But mortal lips exceed it, never,
While leaves and loves meet and kiss,
And love asks only love forever.

O, perfect day! O, soul of song!
O, June heart, throbbing with comple-
teness!

Bear up the anthem deep and strong,
For all my words have failed for sweet-
ness.

Save this: O, winds, breathe soft and low,
And shower these kisses sweet above him;
With all this else his soul will know,
So tell him only that I love him!

REV. J. P. AVERILL.

On our way home from the East we incidentally heard that Brother John P. Averill of Battle Creek, Mich., had the week previous passed on to a higher life. We can but express surprise that our correspondents of that city have failed to send us an obituary notice. As this will be our last issue we cannot wait longer to hear particulars, and embrace the last opportunity we shall have to bear our testimony to the worthiness of our departed friend. We know but little of his early life, except that for many years he was an efficient member of the Universalist Church, but early in the history of modern Spiritualism, he was led to embrace its teachings, and immediately became an earnest promulgator of its philosophy and phenomena. During the last two and a half years he has served as secretary of the State Association of Spiritualists, in which capacity he has been efficient and faithful. For the last two years our brother has been more than usually earnest and zealous in his labor, and as a lecturer has visited many and distant parts of the state. We regret that we are not able from personal knowledge to give more of the history of the life, and particulars of the departure of Brother Averill. This is another sad blow to the Spiritualists of that state. Within few months three of their most talented speakers have crossed death's river. Sister Alcinda Wilhelm Slade, Broth-

er A. B. Whiting, and last the worthy brother of whom we write. We know they yet live and work, and will not forget their associates left behind.

Yet fair our eyes would catch, altho the gloom.

In radiance of their forms beatified,
Some rays of glory that those shores il-
lume.

That lie so peaceful on the other side—

THE WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN WEEKLY.

We have received hundreds of complaints charging us with non-performance of an agreement to send the "Weekly" to our subscribers. The persons thus complaining no doubt think the fault in this office. We desire therefore again to say, that in October last we arranged with Mrs. Woodhull to send her paper to our subscribers who desired it, up to the number of one thousand. We have only sent about nine hundred names in all. As soon as a name has been received we have sent it forward and we know no more of it. When notices of failure have come to us we have invariably forwarded the names. Last week we handed to Mrs. Woodhull personally, over one hundred names of persons who have recently written us. She assured us they should be sent, and admitted great carelessness in their office which she promised should be avoided in the future. The following day Mrs. Woodhull informed us that the clerk found all but three or four of the names on their mail book. We hope those who are entitled to the *Woodhull and Claflin Weekly* will hereafter in case of failure write to that office direct, and that this may be a satisfactory answer to all letters of inquiry upon the subject.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

A large amount is due on our subscription book and we very much need it. We have made an especial appeal by circular, to which some have responded, hundreds have not. We again appeal to all in arrears for remittances. If you do not wish to renew for the year and receive the *Golden Age*, we trust a sense of justice at least will prompt all who are owing for the *PRESENT AGE* in the past to remit the amount due, and order the paper discontinued. We shall send one or two copies of the *Golden Age* to our subscribers in arrears. We hope they will promptly respond, and any amount sent above paying past indebtedness will be applied in payment for the *Golden Age*.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

Our thanks are due the press for many kindly notices of the *PRESENT AGE*; in fact from the secular press we have received no other. The union of the *AGES* will necessitate changes on the mail books of our contemporaries. If both papers are on the list the erasure of *PRESENT AGE* will make all right. In case any of our exchanges do not receive the *Golden Age*, by notice of this consolidation or publishing the prospectus found in this number, and sending marked copy, they will be entitled to it.

AGENTS FOR GOLDEN AGE.

We desire to appoint STATE AGENTS in every state, and *Local Agents* for every town and village of considerable size, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from Maine to California. Our terms are most liberal. Persons applying will please send letters of recommendation or reference, with postage stamp for answer, to whom we will send circular giving particulars. For prospectus of *GOLDEN AGE* see fifth page. Address

COL. D. M. FOX,
Golden Age Office,
Tribune Building, New York City.

BOOKS.

We desire to say to our friends everywhere, that we shall be prepared in New York City to promptly supply them with any book, pamphlet or periodical they may order. Heretofore our duties connected with editorial work and the business department of the *Age* have so completely occupied our time as to prevent attention to this, particularly since the great fire in which all the books we had on hand were consumed. We

shall keep for sale all spiritual, liberal and reformatory works, and will send by mail or express at publishers' prices. Books, political, scientific or literary, not usually kept by us, we can at once procure in New York City, and will send as above. Letters of inquiry must be accompanied by stamp to insure answer. Address,

COL. D. M. FOX,
Golden Age Office,
Tribune Building, New York City.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

We had prepared quite a lengthy article upon the political aspect of the times, which for want of space in our columns we are compelled to omit. Our readers will find in this number a letter from Hon. Horace Greeley, accepting the nomination for the Presidency tendered him by the Liberal Republican Convention of Cincinnati. Mr. Greeley accepts the platform without hesitation, and with evident satisfaction. His letter will be read with deep interest by the American people, and unless we greatly mistake the beating of the public pulse, there are indications of the most exciting presidential campaign, that has been known since 1860. Mr. Greeley has undoubtedly a greater personal popularity than any other American, and we believe he possesses qualifications that peculiarly fit him for the Presidency. The success of the Tribune Company, and in fact every business enterprise with which he has been connected in life, mark him as an able executive officer.

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIBLE OF THE AGES.

As we announced last week this new publication by Giles B. Stibbs has been received, but too late for a careful review. Want of time and space in this our last issue prevents our publishing extracts from its deeply interesting pages. We commend the book to all who are not so bigoted as to believe that all the inspiration of the past is found bound in the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, and "nowhere else but there." The book will be kept for sale at the office of the *Golden Age*. Price postage paid \$2.

Address,
COL. D. M. FOX,
Golden Age Office,
Tribune Building,
New York City.

PERSONAL.

W. F. JAMESON commenced his labors with the Young People's Spiritualist Association, in Louisville, Ky., before small audiences owing to a division among the Spiritualists just before he came. The audiences are gradually on the increase, and good interest. The Louisville Daily Courier Journal published a report of his Sunday evening, (May 19,) discourse.

He speaks the Sundays of June in Clyde, Ohio.

CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

W. F. JAMESON.

THE BOSTON "SAINTS."

Our readers will remember that I took occasion to refer to the long creed of the Boston "Close Communion" Spiritualists. What I wrote was in the most kindly spirit, spiced with a little humor. But lo! the *PRESENT AGE* of the 18th of May, greets me with an article written by Brother A. E. Newton, who wades through more than four columns to bring to the surface an explanation of the Boston creed, although his labor seems to be equally divided between this and that, giving the readers a "piece of his mind" about that terrible "corresponding editor." He tells us they "wish none to join who cannot become harmonious workers." Nothing "exclusive" about that, I suppose? If we will become good, we may come in. If not we may—as an orthodox minister would say—"stay out and be damned!" But who are the "harmonious workers?" Brother Newton charges me with being "a wanton and reckless ascetic of his brethren." "Wanton, Ishmaelitish, unspiritual pugnacity." And what is my offence? I presumed to dissent from the creed of the Union. No, not even as bad as that, according to A. E. Newton. He says he is glad that I pronounced this Declaration for the most part "excellent," and that I intimated "dissent from only a single proposition out of the twenty-nine." This is my unpardonable sin! A single grain of heresy, for which I receive a four column broadside!

My friend Newton endows me with an "excited imagination"—all about a "single proposition," and also says I seem "deeply exercised and alarmed at this new Boston

notion." This is a mistake in the systems. Neither old or new Boston notions have any other effect than to excite the ridicule, when they do not the contempt, of the world. "To his excited imagination this merely local union—this and nothing more—of a few Spiritualists at the Hall is of fearful pertin. To a Bostonian no doubt. But to people elsewhere where it has the appearance of a fearful "tempest in a teapot."

He comes to tell us the good brother's alarm and anxiety. Why call it then "good"? They are none good except they belong to the Boston Select.

Newton continues: "The most conceited Hub-its-utr thinks that Boston includes quite the whole country." How those excellent people have been abused! News had got out that hereabouts that Boston thought there was no other place on earth. Imagination has cooled now, since I learned that Boston don't "include quite the whole country."

Where did this badness, which has so disturbed our western brother's community, originated? In the first place, by a vision conjured up by his own狂狂 imagination."

Some more "imagination." It is "suspicious" to him. No, it wasn't "suspicion" that frightened me. They can't scare me. It was worse than goblins. I was afraid the Bostonians would come and take me, and make a "saint" of me. I don't want to be a saint—not just yet. Please excuse me. You are too good for my society.

In reference to my charge that the Boston Close Communion Spiritualists would expel members for opinion's sake, just as the church had expelled many, he admits, "this is a grave charge, truly, if it were only a true one." He implies by that statement that my charge is not true. Now, let us see. The seventeenth article of the first division of the Boston Creed teaches that the applicant for membership must believe that the "chain of causation leads inevitably to a Creative Spirit." Many might innocently in their organization believe that, and grow the belief. What then? Why, the poor souls, though they may love their fellow members, and their dearly-beloved past, though they may have by long years' association contracted strong ties, yet if a mere change of belief they must retire voluntarily, or be expelled. The article on withdrawal is explicit on this point of belief. Brother Newton strives to excuse the "iron rule" by claiming that the heretical member ought to withdraw when his, or her opinions conflict with the creed. The member may wish heartily to labor for the common good of humanity, but is disbarred from the benefits of the "Union" on account of mere difference of opinion. He says the "invite" those only who fully agree with him in these convictions and purport to unite with them. This is more straight-faced, I believe, than any church on earth. There is scarcely a church that is not more tolerant. If such members *fully* agree at first, and (as no one can easily tell to-day what may be believed to-morrow,) change the belief, and will not withdraw, the "Union" duty is to suspend or expel them, church fashion, "and his or her name" to be "striken from the roll, by a vote of the Union." He thinks it will be a source of consolation to the "cut off" numbers that they are only "dead limbs," "fugitive parasites," and not "legitimate fresh roots," to be consigned to "everlasting brimstone." Oh, how grateful the parasites would feel that they are only "cut off" or *this world!* He admits that if this Spiritual Union was like an orthodox church this provision would, indeed, be *rather hard*. Brother Newton confesses: "I confess, however, that as an individual member of the Union I should have much preferred that this provision be expressed in less harsh terms."

Ah, but if it is not quite so perfect after all, yet if it did originate at the center of finite intelligence! He thinks the original (prepared by himself,) was better, for he advises any society organizing on the Boston plan to "restore the original wording, as being less repulsive in terms and open to no reasonable objection." My kindly me! criticism, then, has already done you one good. That is right. Go ahead and patch up your creed, and you may conclude that no human being has any right to deny free thought and free speech to others. It is the way with creed-makers. Each one believes his creed is "open to no particular objection." Here is a clause in Brother Newton's original draft: "Open avowal of opposing sentiments, is sufficient to expel a member." If the avowal is not open the member is not amenable. What becomes of his burst of indignation in case a member holds his opinions contrary to the creed, but says nothing about them? He calls it a "puff of wind." After defending the article which I attacked, he turns round and coolly proposes that people abandon the very article which he has been defending, and take up with his draft, which denies the right of free speech "open avowal of opposing sentiments" in the Union. That is not as free as the Pope's Ecumenical Council. Any union, or system, that cannot tolerate freedom of opinion, inside and outside, has on it the seal of decomposition.

Ah! he does not want our time and strength spent in wrangling about disputed questions. To oppose the freest possible expression is pernicious. It induced the Catholic church to strive for an impossible unity of faith, and to settle questions by vote. The Boston Close Communionists rant *harmony*, a mess of patronage for which they are willing to barter liberty. Harmony purchased at such a price is but a "dead carcass." It means the quiet and peace of the grave!

A. E. Newton says that the local society at Boston was so organized that it "might stand in harmonious relations with the only existing national organization." But what says Luther Colby? He asserts in the same number of the *Banner* in which the Boston Close Communion Creed was published:

That the history of the National Association of Spiritualists has proved it to be a failure, no man will deny.

Then Brother Newton wants the local societies to harmonize with a "failure."

He wants to know if adopting the statement put forth by the American Association looks like "an effort to kill the American Association?" I rather think your one article expelling members who do not fully agree with you is enough to kill the best platform of principles ever conceived. "Does it look like an effort to kill the American Association?" I think it does. I will quote a no less distinguished Spiritualist than Luther Colby, editor of the *Banner of Light*, to prove it. Of this Boston plan he said:

Now, let us carefully organize, or more properly speaking, reorganize. Begin at the fountain-head, *i.e.*, establish primary meetings everywhere—and from the basis of each will proceed a *national association*.

Very harmonious relations with the *only existing* national organization. Brethren, you had better compare notes before you send out another creed to the world.

A. E. N. says he wants to see an organization which shall not be an *amalgamation* (that's Latin) of every sort of "queer fish" (that is not Latin—it is Boston) who can lay aside personal crevices for the sake of

work. He sets a poor example. Notwithstanding the Boston Union has nearly the whole of Newton in it he is dissatisfied, because a "crevise" was left out, and advises societies to restore the original wording written by himself. Nothing "self-possessed, self-willed," about that. Oh, no, I think this Creed *sic* is nearly dead, and not the American Association. Brother Newton rejoins:

All I can express is the hope that the time will soon come when our spiritualistic journals will be free from the dismemberment of such unfair, uncollected, and unfraternal attack by one co-worker, or party of co-workers, upon another.

I hope so. I trust that writers will follow the example that the *Present Age* has given them. Brothers Fox, Whipple, Hathaway, Eccles, sisters Nettie M. Page, Mrs. Woodhull, and others, and, lastly, your humble servant, have discussed more important questions in these columns than a Tea-Party Union, and all in the spirit of love. While we may show opinions no quarter, I think we have succeeded in treating each other with that courtesy that should characterize the interchange of opinion between ladies and gentlemen. Those who are disposed to consider a free discussion of their views as a personal affront, will of course be offended.

He wants to know whom I mean when I say that this Boston move is a glaring attempt to "flock" a narrow church establishment upon the Spiritualists of America. Glad he has asked me. I say to him: "There art thou." Your favorite pastime since you "withdrew" from the church has been *creed-making*. There is not a creed-monger in the country who could not plead the same excuse you do.

The Methodists carry the "due examination" so far that they require a six months' trial to determine whether the "holy ghost" struck in. Then the candidates "freely sign their own names." No one is forced into the Boston sect, so they claim; but where is the Protestant church that the same is not true of it?

But a change of opinion will expel you. One brother declares that there are Spiritualists uniting "for association with honest people." The Boston Union proposes to "close its doors against them." Is not this confessing just what I charged?

That you are "Close Communion"?

You don't "expect to include all the Spiritualists of Boston" even! No, you are going to have an association of honest, pure, holy, passive, b-a-r-m-o-n-i-o-n-e-s Spiritualists.

"Unspiritual pugnacity." Is not that a Boston notion? For my part I am enlisted for this whole moral and intellectual warfare against churches, creeds, and every form of error. So long as there is a creed, I sincerely desire to remain unspiritual enough to hit its "diminished head."

Here is a nice piece of consistency: 1. Newton says if a member changes his opinion about the basic principles he ceases to believe. Yet if he allows his name to remain, he professes a lie. No honest nor honorable person, he says, will under such circumstances fail to withdraw *promptly*.

2. The article on amendments provides that *important* changes in the basic principles may be made by a two-thirds vote. But as each "honest," "honorable," "fit" member withdraws "promptly" when the change of opinion occurs, who is left to vote a change?

If two-thirds of the members remain after changing their opinions, then they, of course, are, in the language of A. E. N., "dishonest," "dishonorable," "unfit." Would this not be a "Union" of hypocrites? I think our readers will perceive why these very excellent Boston people have such a dread of "unspiritual pugnacity." It has no respect for their Spiritualistic nonsense.

We need a world of Truth-seekers, independent of petty, meddlesome sects, and the dignity of individual opinion maintained against all foes. While I favor organization for business purposes, and association for moral and intellectual improvement, I detest the tyranny of any society exercising jurisdiction over the simplest thought of the humblest child of humanity.

W. F. J.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 14th.

THEODORE TILTON,

Editor and Publisher.

W. T. CLARKE, Associate Editor.

O. W. RULAND, Associate Publisher.

A Weekly Journal devoted to the Free Discussion of all Living Questions of Church, State, Society, Literature, Art, and Morals.

of Reform.

Published Every Wednesday

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abling credentials of integrity and capacity. Ap-

lications from persons who can give no references

Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The right of woman to participate in the government cannot be denied, and the government will be made purer and better for her participation.

Senator Trumbull, of Ill.

THREE MEETINGS.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Oh the happy meeting from over the sea,
When I love my friend and my friend loves me.

And we stand face to face, and for leisures read.

There are endless words to be heard and said.

With a glance between, shy, anxious, half-strange,

As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"

Till we both settle down as we used to be.

Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom fate has done all that fate could do;

And then dropped, conquered,—while over these slain.

Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain,
Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair.

Untainted, untem, in the balmy air:
And the heaven of the future, golden and bright.

Arches above them—God guards the right!

But oh for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay;

When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,
Shall softly cover this face of mine,
And I leap—whither! ah! who can know?
But onward, onward, as spirits must go:
Until eye to eye, without fear. I see
God, and my lost, as they see me.

HUMAN NATURE IN A WATER CURE.

While a preceding chapter was being written, seated at the same table and reading by the same lamp, was one of the fair helpers of the Cure.

"And what is a helper?" do you ask. Not a "servant," for none are employed on the premises. Not a mere "hired girl" nor a "work-woman;" nor even an "employee" nor a "kitchen girl" nor a "waiter," but a "Helper," in the fullest acceptance of the term.

She is one of half a dozen of the family who at certain hours are helpers in the dining-room. She has been here for two years—came from Northern Vermont. Her parents and family reside there now. Her mother—a noble woman—and younger brother, were here to see her a few weeks since. They must have been proud of her. We all are.

When she first came, nearly two years since, she could scarcely walk up the hill, though a Green Mountain girl. Now, but few can do more work, certainly none more faithfully. She is in charge of the large Dining Hall where hundreds eat daily. Yet I have seen her many hours with book in hand when the afternoon work is done. She is to attend the Seminary this winter.

For weeks past, she has been reading aloud for the benefit of one whose eyes failed him five years since. Though he is fast regaining their use, he is wisely careful of them for the present. Hence he is helped with other's eyes to see. She has been reading "Tom Brown at Oxford" to the no small delight of her hearer, who rolls with laughter, as he lies on the lounge in the shady corner. "School Days at Rugby" was completed some time since. Is not this kind of her, after the day's work is finished, coming down the hill in the rain, and climbing it again in the rain and dark, alone? The rosy health is on her cheek now, and the light of young girlhood in her eye—growing young daily as the result of helping others, ever so kindly.

A professional gentleman from one of our beautiful inland cities, saw her at one of the Social Entertainments held in the Chapel two weeks since. He was occupying with a friend, one of the side seats, as he saw in all the frankness and native artlessness of her young womanhood, and ask one of the humblest there to be her partner, at honor the most prominent gentleman in the room would have coveted. It was a sight new to him, and he exclaimed in surprise:

"Well, now, if I am not paid for coming!—Never saw that done before! But it's all right. I've learned a good lesson. But who is she?"

"Miss —, from New England."

"Well, she has the healthiest glow on the cheek I have seen for many a year. Not one girl in a thousand would compare with her in native grace and beauty," was his reply.

"Don't you wish now you had come to our table, instead of eating at the hotel table?" we asked.

"Why so? what has that to do with this splendid young lady?"

"She is one of our Helpers in the dining-room. There are several more there."

"I do not wonder that you sit at a table an hour or more. I believe you should enjoy it too."

"Yes, you would, for most of the girls are real helpers, and not simply hired girls, or those who help because they are obliged to. They wait on us as members of the same family."

"Well," exclaimed he again, "I do wish parents knew how to bring up girls; that families knew how to treat them; and society would abolish its fashions which are crushing out the natural woman. If this is a specimen of what you can do to make woman beautiful, you deserve to prosper."

Truly has she, and others, learned the real secret of benefiting themselves. They help themselves by helping others. Hence they grow towards true womanhood. In health they improve; their heads are clear; their hearts are light; their blood is pure; and nerves calm and steady; for they live on a plane far above the selfishness of common society. Recognizing each and every one as members of the same family, they are treated as such, and there goes out from each grateful heart, thankfulness for all such kindnesses, and from every overflowing soul magnetism that invigorates, makes alive, and builds up the worthy recipients. Can such an one pass through the Eating Hall, with her heart and hands full of help for the hungry in body or soul, and not receive back, from the two hundred seated there, that which blesses the whole being—body and soul?—*Laws of Life.*

WOMAN IN THE EAST.

Mrs. Lucindia H. Stone of Michigan, who is traveling in Syria with a party of young American ladies, gives the following graphic account of the condition of women in the Orient:

There is nothing in all the Eastern country that makes me more sick at heart than the terrible abuse of animals that I everywhere see, except the neglect and abuse of little children, and the most wretched and degraded condition of women, who yet cling to their shame as their highest glory. "I no like the English," said the sheik, who conducted our party out to the pyramids of Sakara in Egypt, after he had been telling me about the English and Americans who were arraigned as escaped prisoners from Randall's Island. The Recorder ordered them sent back.

They told shocking tales of cruelty and ill-treatment. Ida said she believed the keepers to be in collusion with Harleian men, who never now and then came with boat and took one or two away. This occurred particularly on the Sabbath. She said she had been taken to Berrian Island, and grossly outraged.

This is a splendid Chance to secure the best Magazine, and the *Golden Key*, for nearly half the value. Send the amount to this office, and the Magazine and *Chromes* will be promptly sent to you. Address, *THE PRESENT AGE*, 564 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE following is taken from the *New York Standard* for March 28, and coming from such high authority as that of a City Recorder, may well be termed

A STARTLING ACCUSATION.—GIRLS TAKEN FROM RANDALL'S ISLAND FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES.

In Recorder Purcell's court, Long Island City, yesterday, Ida Diller, Clara Hall, Jane Sheehan and Mary Bessom were arraigned as escaped prisoners from Randall's Island. The Recorder ordered them sent back.

They told shocking tales of cruelty and ill-treatment. Ida said she believed the keepers to be in collusion with Harleian men, who never now and then came with boat and took one or two away. This occurred particularly on the Sabbath. She said she had been taken to Berrian Island, and grossly outraged.

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THE Emperor of China has sent four young Celestial damsels to be educated at Paris. When sufficiently conversant with European arts and sciences they are expected on their return to be able to instruct the rest of their countrywomen.

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The newspapers speak well of her performance.

GIRLS, DON'T TALK SLANG.—Girls, don't talk slang. If it is necessary that any one in the family should do that, let your big brother, though I would advise him not to adopt "pigeon English" when there is an elegant systematized language that can just as well use. But don't you do it. You have no idea how it sounds to ears unused or averse to it to hear a young lady, when she is asked if she will go with you to some place, answer "Not much" of, if requested to do something which she does not wish, to hear her say, "Can't see it."

Not long ago I heard a young miss, who is educated and accomplished, in speaking of a young man, say that she intended to "go for him" and when her sister asked her assistance at some work she answered "Not for Joe."

Now, young ladies of unexceptionable character and really good education, fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness to answer back in slang phrases, and they soon slip flippantly from their tongues with a saucy pertness that is neither lady-like nor becoming. "I bet" or "you bet" is well enough among men who are trading horses or land; but the contrast is startling and positively shocking to hear those words issue from the lips of a young lady. They seem at once to surround her with

and if there can remain in high elements that claim sympathy and alteration, how much more should we hopefully seek for them in the persons of his victims.

This is humane and sensible, and goes to the heart of the discussion. As for introducing the European regulations for making vice safe, instead of seeking to correct it at its source, viz., the heart of man, the speaker scorns it as coward and base; yet, if it is to be done, it consents to turn away his face & disgust while the proposed stringent statutes are impartially applied to both sexes alike. He would have them treated equally. In no way would he have it implied the woman is to be kept subordinate in vice, however she may be placed socially. In point of fact, he insists that the whole evil lies or originates in the inequality, in the subordination, the subjection of one entire as to the other; and he solemnly declares that "until this is changed, until they occupy a common plane with equal rights and equal freedom, so long this evil will curse the human race." It is quite true, to be remarks, that "the vulgar and depravity of the average male mind is wholly incomprehensible to him." But her release from social thraldom will change all that. In the hopes of eradicating so deep-seated a evil as that which has its life in sensual indulgence, it is well worth the while to make the experiment of emancipating woman, that she may deal with it as her sad experience suggests. Man will then find the conditions entirely changed.

OFFICIAL SINS.

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the rougher associations of man's daily life, and bring her down from the pedestal of purity, whereon she is placed, to their own coarse level.

Woman's Memoranda.

The Pope dislikes gaudy attire in women.

One of the tax collectors of Knoxville, Tenn., is a Miss Lucy Stevens.

The female students of Michigan University have organized a boat club.

Mrs. HORACE GREELEY and her two daughters are now at Angouleme, France.

Miss HARRIET COLEMAN, sister of the Vice President, is not keeper of the lighthouse at Michigan City, Ind.

JENNY LIND's daughter is fourteen, and gives promise of being a second edition, vocally, of her mamma.

The public schools of Minnesota employ 1,515 male teachers, and 2,620 female teachers.

BAD cooking on the part of the wife is held by a Texas Judge to be good ground for divorce.

The State University of Michigan has conferred the degree of M. D., on Miss Helen W. Upjohn, of Kalazoo.

QUEEN VICTORIA is now in the thirteenth year of her reign. She ascended the throne on the 21st of June, 1837.

At last accounts something like eleven American girls were in Italy preparing to become *prima donnas* in opera.

REV. DANIEL EBERLY, late President of Cottage Hill female seminary, York, Pa., has accepted the presidency of Oberlin, O., University.

MISS HOSMER, the sculptress, was recently thrown from her horse, and dragged thirty yards, at Rome. Happily, however, her injuries were trifling.

A man in Oregon has sued his father and mother-in-law, on account of his wife having proved sickly and peevish, they having represented her, before marriage, to be cheerful and healthy.

It is reported that the widow of Richard Young, George Washington's overseer at Mount Vernon, is residing at Richmond, Va. The venerable lady is nearly a hundred years old.

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The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

from the Atlantic Monthly for May.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

A strange vibration from the cottage window.

My vagrant steps delayed,
And half abstracted, like an ancient Hindu,
I paused beneath the shade.What is, I said, this unrelenting hum?—
Louder than bees in spring?
An auto-prayer the murmurous answer coming.

Shed from Saldanphon's wing.

Is this the sound of unmixed labor?
That now usurps play?
Our harsher substitute for pipe and tabor,
Glittern and virelay?Or, is it yearning for a higher vision,
By spiritual hearing heard?
Never I drew to listen with precision,
Detecting not a word.Then peering through the pane, as man or
sin do,Myself the while unseen,
I marked a maiden seated by the window,
Sewing with a machine.Her gentle foot propelled the tireless
treadle.Her gentle hand the seam;
My fancy said, it were a bliss to peddle
Those shirts, as in a dream!Her lovely fingers lent to yoke and collar
Some imperceptible taste;The rural swain, who buys it for a dollar,
By beauty is embraced.Oh! fairer aspect of the common mission!
Only the Post sees

The true significance, the high position

Of such small things as these.

Not now doth Teut, a brutal Boanerges,
Deform the maiden's hand;

Her implement its soft sonata merges

In songs of sea and land.

And thus the hum of the unspooling cot-

tent.

Blent with her rhythmic tread,

Still shall be heard, when virelays are for-

gotten.

And troubadours are dead.

LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS.

CHAPTER XII.

"I'm glad mother is telling us a story about poor people," said Ben. "I don't care for reading about rich folks all the time, when more than one half of the world is poor. Come mother, tell us about Robert; What became of him?"

"His father found him on the dock, in a seaport town, among the shipping; he was sound asleep on the dock; his father shook him, and poor Robert awakened to see his angry face above him. He had eaten nothing for two days. His father bought him a penny roll of bread, and then together they walked home—twelve miles. Poor Robert was tied, in the little back room, to the bed-post with a rope, and fed on bread and water. On the third day Sammie, with one of the table knives hidden under his smock, went to Robert and said as he cut the rope in two, 'There, do as you like.' With a leap and a bound Robert was soon through the window, into the private grounds; and off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"His uncle came; and after many talks it was decided that no more work must be neglected to find Robert; and when the uncle was leaving in his wagon he decided that if Robert was his boy he would send him to the sea, and make a sailor of him."

"Poor Robert," said Ray.

"One night about twelve o'clock, Robert's father found him again; and found him asleep on a rock over a baker's oven. He was brought home and tied up again; but this time without his clothes. Robert was a real jolly happy sort of a fellow. He took his imprisonment very cheerfully; ate his dry bread, and drank his cold water with quiet jokes, said in a low voice to his little brothers and sisters, who visited him most of the time. 'See my nice ginger cake,' he would say 'come and have a bite,' or 'come and taste my beer, it is real good,' and then they would laugh quietly together.

"Sammie, silent, reading Sammie, I suppose, did not approve of his brother being a prisoner; if he did, he took care never to say so; but one noon when all had gone to the door to see the antics of a traveling monkey with an organ grinder, Sammie laid down his book, opened the

drawer in which were Robert's Sunday clothes, took them out, and threw them into the back room, without saying a word; then resumed his book and his three-legged stool. Of course nobody suspected Sammie, and it was a great wonder, a great mystery, how Robert had got his Sunday suit out of the drawer. Again Robert was found asleep, but in a wagon this time, and in the middle of the night, and was brought home in his father's arms. Poor boy! he had been so tired and sleepy that he never awoke till the next morning. When he opened his eyes, his mother was sitting on his bedside. He looked up and smiled, and his mother kissed him on his forehead, for she loved her boy.

'What is to be done my lad?' she said.

'Give me a trade, mother,' he said, 'I will not go to that factory again. I want to be a painter.'

Just then his uncle and aunt had arrived, and had walked into the house without being heard.

'The runaway at home,' said his aunt. 'What makes you run away, Robert, my boy?'

'I want a trade,' said Robert. 'I want to be a painter.'

'Send him to sea,' said his uncle.

'No, no; if he wants to be a painter, then a painter he shall be,' said his aunt. 'I will agree to clothe him well for four years, and give his mother three shillings every week if they will let the boy learn a trade.'

'If they had kept him working in the factory,' said Ben, 'he could never have shown his talent.'

'Every child should learn that for which nature has fitted him,' said his mother. 'Many a talented boy and girl have been crushed in factory life, and by being compelled to do that which they hated and despised.'

'That is so, mother,' said Frank, 'most people think their children can be made doctors, lawyers, preachers, artists, or anything else they please; and the consequence is, that hardly anybody is working at that for which nature made them; hardly anybody is doing that which they love to do; and so work goes hard because it is done just for a living, and not from choice.'

'You are right, Frank,' replied his mother, 'and I am very desirous that my children should choose their own course in life. Your father and I only hope to develop each of you, and not make you anything. But it is very difficult for people to do justice to their children when they can scarcely earn sufficient to keep soul and body together.'

'And now I must tell you the story of the waiter that stood on the mantle piece. All at once it disappeared, and nobody knew how; but after many talks it was decided that somebody had stolen it; which was a fact, for Robert had stolen it, and hidden it near the stone bridge in the country. Every Sunday morning Robert disappeared and spent the day with his mother's waiter. With paints and brushes he was busily at work making a beautiful picture on the back of the waiter.'

'Robert was an artist,' said Ben. 'He was grand,' said Ray. 'I like him,' said Dorie.

'So do I,' said Dr. Howe, who had come into the sitting room, and while he had been pretending to read, was all the time listening to the story. 'You seem to like that story better than the Bible,' said the doctor.

'So we do. Go on mother, please,' said Ray.

'Well, at last the picture was finished. Robert held it up, and looked at it with great satisfaction, and thought of the surprise he would give the folks at home. With the waiter under his arm he walked along rapidly for a while; he had four miles to go; then all at once he stood still and took another good view of his picture. He looked at the sun sinking in the west, and slowly, very slowly, wended his way home.

'It was quite dark when he reached the foot-bridge over the mill dam

near his mother's house. For a moment he stood on the bridge, then quick as thought, hid the waiter under one of the poplar trees, and hastily ran to the house. Nobody was at home. All had gone for a walk under the poplar trees, that extended at least two miles along the side of the dam. The waiter was at once brought into the house, and put in its old place on the mantel-piece; only reversed, so as to show the picture.

'When all had returned, and the fire was stirred so as to burn up brightly, and when the candle was lit, then all eyes fell on the picture. What did it mean? How beautiful! how pretty! how nice! Who had done it? The mother soon saw who had done it, for there stood her boy Robert in the middle of the floor without saying a word, but only listening to their exclamations.

'Bless your heart, my lad,' she said to him, 'you painted the picture.' To and fro, up and down, went his father on his chair; up to the bird-cage went his eyes, and then to his lad Robert, while he again and again laughed his pleased boyish laugh, and exclaimed, 'Well done my lad! well done my lad! well done my lad!'

'Robert became a rich man; I ought not to have told you that yet, but he never felt happier than he did at that moment.'

'If they had kept him working in the factory,' said Ben, 'he could never have shown his talent.'

'That night there was a happy family, I assure you. Robert promised that when he had learned his trade, then his sister Anna should leave the factory and learn dress-making; that Sammie and Henry should learn trades, and he would provide for his father and mother in their old age; that they should never go to the poor-house, but be real independent folks; and they laughed and talked merrily. His father turned on his chair, moved up and down; looked at the bird-cage, and at the happy faces of his children; shrugged his shoulders and laughed his boyish laugh many and many a time.'

'That week Robert was sent to the business of house painter, and bound for seven years.'

'That was a long time,' said Ben.

'Yes, but that is the English way. A boy must learn but one trade, and must be thorough at that.'

'Oh! there never was a happier boy or a prouder boy than Robert, with his paint and paint brush.'

'And now I must tell you the story of the waiter that stood on the mantle piece. All at once it disappeared, and nobody knew how; but after many talks it was decided that somebody had stolen it; which was a fact, for Robert had stolen it, and hidden it near the stone bridge in the country. Every Sunday morning Robert disappeared and spent the day with his mother's waiter. With paints and brushes he was busily at work making a beautiful picture on the back of the waiter.'

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'Old Bob Johnson had a gray mare, And for want of shoes her feet went bare.'

'Sometimes on Sunday afternoon he would visit his sister-in-law, Mrs. Langstaff.'

'Do you have a good sermon today?' he asked on one of these visits.

Mrs. Langstaff replied as she always did:

'Ye, the very best sermon I ever heard in my life.'

'Do you have plenty of hell fire and damnation?'

'N'reply but a laugh from the children.'

'O did he talk about that greatest God of all, who gets nearly everybody that dies into his regions, called hell? Oh, he is a handsome God! a red sky, cunning old chap, that has entwined the other God completely. I tell you, his world, that you call hell, must be a fine place. All the poets are there, all the philosophers, all the wise people, and all the wide-awake happy folks. It is only the poor, simple, cringing, whining cowards, that go to the other place.'

'Don't talk so, John, before the children,' said Mrs. Langstaff, but she smiled as she said this.

'What matter,' he replied. 'The children might as well begin to think now a any other time. Did you ever see the devil, children?'

'The made them all laugh.'

'T'veseen the picture of the devil, with a pitchfork,' said Robert.

'Buddil you, any of you, ever see the red old chap?'

'N'no,' said every one.

'T'veseen him,' he replied, with a serious face. 'You need not laugh; I saw him yesterday pass my house in a coach and six horses; a driver in front and a footman behind. I saw his horns, his hoofs, and his tail. I did—long tail—that he switched out of the carriage window as he passed. Now don't you believe me? You laugh as if you did not.'

'Tell us the name of the devil,' said Sammie, who had been looking at his uncle from his three-legged stool and holding his Natural History book on his lap.

'His name is Lord somebody. I don't know what, that lives off the poverty of us poor folks. He lives in a fine castle; has liveried servants, horses, carriages, silver plate, and nothing to do. Ah, he is the prince of devils; and I call him Lord Devil. Men who live as he does; who oppress the poor; who make them work as you do; and only pay you enough to keep you from starvation are the only devils there are.'

'That is so,' said Sammie, 'I hate tyrants.'

'Hold your tongue, sir,' said his father rather sternly.

'But their uncle remarking that he had a great respect for the brimstone devil,' set them all laughing.

'We won't talk any more about the brimstone devil,' he said. 'Let us talk about your God. You believe that God can do anything don't you?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Langstaff.

'And you believe in the Bible?'

'Yes.'

'Now listen to your Bible and what your God says; Behold, I am the Lord God; is there anything too hard for me? In another place it says, with God all things are possible. Now listen to a little more of this holy word of God: (Judges, I:19.) And the Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountains; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron. You see your God was beaten because he had not learned how to master or conquer chariots of iron; I suppose he had never seen any before. They were probably a new invention about which this God of yours knew nothing.'

'But now I must tell you about another uncle of this family, Mrs. Langstaff's sister's husband. He was a shoemaker and what was called an infidel. He did not believe that the Bible was the word of God, and he did not believe in a God. He

was a very comical fellow; full of fun, always ready with a joke. He hated his shoemaking business, and could not make enough by it to live. But his father and mother, who were farmers, sent him flour, bacon, cheese and butter, and so he managed to get along. As he beat his leather with his hammer, however, he merrily said:

'Old Bob Johnson had a gray mare, And for want of shoes her feet went bare.'

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'And you believe in the Bible?'

'Yes.'

'Now listen to your Bible and what your God says; Behold, I am the Lord God; is there anything too hard for me? In another place it says, with God all things are possible. Now listen to a little more of this holy word of God: (Judges, I:19.) And the Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountains; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron. You see your God was beaten because he had not learned how to master or conquer chariots of iron; I suppose he had never seen any before. They were probably a new invention about which this God of yours knew nothing.'

'But now I must tell you about another uncle of this family, Mrs. Langstaff's sister's husband. He was a shoemaker and what was called an infidel. He did not believe that the Bible was the word of God, and he did not believe in a God. He

was to show the mirth that often trembles just below the surface of painful things. A real impetuous laugh dissipates many illusions, sweeps the twilit out of imaginations, and brings honest daylight. But it must be real—no dry, hacking laugh. It should be spontaneous, out-bursting, irresistible, infectious. We have seen men fall to laughing who had not heard the cause of mirth, but had only caught the contagion of other men's laughing. It is hard not to laugh with men who are in earnest about it.'

Pleasantries.

PILLOWS, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

A LITTLE boy embodied his thoughts on theology in words thus: 'I don't see how the devil turned out so bad when there was no other devil to put him up to it.'

"Oh, sir," said a woman pleading for her husband, who was before the police judge for beating her with a poker, 'he wasn't always that way. There was a happy time when he only struck me with his fist.'

HELPING ZEKIEL.—Daniel Webster was fond of telling a good story of his boyhood. His father, on going from home one morning called his two boys to receive directions for the day.

"Zekiel," said he, addressing the elder brother, "don't forget to hoe the potatoes."

"No, sir," said Zekiel.

"Daniel," continued the father "be sure and help Zekiel."

After the father was gone, the two boys busied themselves so eagerly about other matters, that the potatoes were forgotten. At evening the father called for an account of the day's work.

"Well, Zekiel, what have you been doing?"

The boy was ashamed of his idleness, and with drooping head and eyes cast down, faltered slowly, "Nothing, sir."

But Daniel was equal to the emergency, and when the same question was put to him, answered promptly, "Just what you told me, sir, helping Zekiel."

It hardly need be added that this ready wit saved both boys a lecture; and perhaps something worse.

GONG AS FRIGHT.—Some years ago a son of the Emerald Isle, in the city of Portland, Me., accosted the captain of a steamer plying between that city and Boston to inquire the fare to Boston, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Good-mornin', captain. Could ye be after tellin' me what's the fare to Boston?"

"Three dollars," answered the captain.

"But suppose I wint outside?"

"In that case," said the captain, "you can go for two dollars."

This was beyond the extent of Pat's worldly possessions, so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for few moments, when a bright thought seemed to strike him.

"I say, captain, what would ye be after takin' a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"Seventy-five cents," replied the captain.

"Thin ye may put me down, captain, for I'm just the boy that weighs that!"

The captain turned to the clerk, saying, "Put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of live Irishman, and show him in the hold."

SUFFERED EXCUSE.—Office-holders don't think it requires great self-denial and sacrifice to accept positions of trust, well-paid under the government. It might be well for the people, if they would look at it sometimes in the light, like the Mississippi voter, who once "took down" Gen. Zaitman, when, as candidate for Governor, he was pleading that his sufferings in the Florida and Mexican wars entitled him to the gratitude of the people.

Fellow-citizens—I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped to whip the Mexicans and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footprint was marked with blood."

Just about this time one of the "sovereigns," who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him with, "Did you say you had fought the Mexicans and Indians?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground while serving your country, without any cover?"

"I did."

"Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?"

"Yes," replied the speaker, exultingly.

"Well, then," said the tearful citizen, as he gave a sigh of pent-up emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow, for you done enough for your country."

KISS ME BEFORE YOU GO

Your path lies over the hillside,
Out in the rain and drift
Out in the world's wild turmoil
Where bustle and business meet
And mine by the noiseless brook.
Where the fanciful embers glow
With a changeable, life-like motion—
Kiss me before you go!

My quiet way will be haunted
With visions none other can see—
Gleances more precious than diamonds
Smiles full of meaning to me—
The sound of a welcome footstep,
A whisper thrillingly low,
A thought will sleep memory closely,
Kiss me before you go!

For this world has a thousand mischances,
And one of these chances may fall
That we two never again by the daylight
Make one shadow upon the wall!
Then, yet once more, are the parting
Als that it must be so!
Leave me a fond benediction—
Kiss me before you go!

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Sarah Clark Smith of Arrowhead Springs, where Mrs. Strawbridge and her darlings spent some time, as you doubtless remember in the "California" story, was guardian of the Children's Lyceum, convened quite recently in San Bernardino, Cal., but she left us for the spirit world, April 23, 1872. She was thirty-one years of age. At her own request, made before her departure I spoke at her funeral; spoke not as a stranger but as a sad and sorrowful friend. I had loved her for her goodness, her rare talent and her intellectuality. How we lingered around the beloved form, and grieved to lay the body away. Here was the casket that had once held the priceless jewel; here were the hands that had grasped our own in warm friendship, the countenance that had smiled many a loving welcome; the eyes where the soul had looked through, and the lips whose voice we had all loved so well. Ah! no wonder that we grieved to lay the dear form away!

But while we remembered all this, and sorrowfully, yes in anguish, followed our dear friend to the grave, we remembered that the spirit which had animated the body, with all its individuality, all its affections and powers, yet lived; and that while we missed her departure she had stepped on the shores of another and better world.

One week before her death I visited her at the Arrowhead Springs. Hoping that she would recover, we conversed of the future, and of her purpose in life—for she lived for a purpose—one worthy of her head and heart. Had she lived, she would have done a good work in Spiritualism and general reform. Her life had been one of study and preparation for several years, and well she would have performed her part; for, in addition to fine intellectual powers, and a living, ever-present philanthropy, she was exceedingly accurate in details, and beautifully artistic; as her numerous landscape sketches and poetical effusions prove.

Ah, verily we mourn her death, for the world has lost a friend, and all good men and women are needed here. There are wrongs that must be righted; errors that must be banished; and truth and goodness that must be made triumphant. We need the good men and women everywhere, to aid in this work; and it adds to our sorrow when we realize that one whose life would have been a blessing to the world has passed away.

But she has gone to our home in the heavens; and not gone as a stranger, for she knew well of the country to which she has emigrated, and was well prepared to take up life there, and reap all the advantages of better conditions and superior facilities for growth and development.

Mrs. Smith has left behind her one child, a son, who attends our Lyceum. A little while before she died she said, "I have only one desire to live, and that is for my boy; otherwise I am glad to go."

Now let me add one more item, and I will close. Two days ago I called on the parents of Mrs. Sarah Clark Smith, and while seated on the porch their daughter came. I saw her very distinctly. She looked very pleasantly at me, and I perceived that she was more than satisfied with the change, and felt quite at home

in the Better Land. Of course she will often visit her boy; for she will love him just as much, and be quite as much interested in him, and just as anxious that he should become a good and useful man as when she was here in the visible form.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE

Mr. Greeley's Letter Accepting the Liberal Republican Nomination.

CINCINNATI, May 3, 1872.

DEAR SIR:—The National Convention of Liberal Republicans of the United States have instructed the undersigned, President, Vice President, and Secretaries of the Convention, to inform you that you have been nominated as the candidate of the Liberal Republicans for the Presidency of the United States. We also submit to you the address and resolutions unanimously adopted by the Convention. Be pleased to signify to us your acceptance of the platform and nomination, and believe us very truly yours,

GEORGE W. JULIAN, President;
WILLIAM E. McLAKE, Vice President;
JOHN X. DAVIDSON, J. H. RHODES, Secretaries.

To Hon. Horace Greeley, New York City,
ME. GREELEY'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, 20th May, 1872.

GENTLEMEN: I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d instant, until I could learn how the work of your Convention was received in all parts of our great country, and judge whether that work was approved and ratified by the masses of our fellow-citizens. Their response from day to day reached me through telegrams, letters, and comments of journalists independent of official patronage and indifferent to the smiles or frowns of power. The number and character of these unconstrained, unpreserved, uncollected utterances, satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as the harbinger of a better day for the Republic. I do not misinterpret this approval, especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly esteemed gentlemen with whose name I link your Convention for associating mine. I received and welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute to that admirable platform of principles wherein your Convention so nobly, so lucidly, so forcibly set forth the convictions which I incited and the purposes which guided its course, a platform which, casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn out contentions and by-gone feuds, embodies in fit and few words, the needs and aspirations of to-day. Though thousands stand ready to condemn you every act, not hardly a syllable of criticism or censure has been aimed at your platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows:

1. All political rights and franchises, which have been acquired through our late bloody convulsion, must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed, and respected forever.

2. All political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should, and must, be promptly restored and re-established, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our Union. Those long estranged people shall reunite and fraternize upon the broad basis of universal amnesty and impartial suffrage.

3. That, subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain the equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self-government and not centralization; that the civil authority should be supreme over the military; that the writ of habeas corpus should be zealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with public order, and that there shall be no Federal subversion of internal policy of the several states and municipalities, but that each shall be left free to enforce rights, and promote the well-being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its own people shall prescribe.

4. There shall be a real, and not merely a simulated reform, in the civil service of the Republic, to which end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage shall be shielded from main temptation to use his power selfishly, by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his re-election.

5. That the raising of revenue, whether by tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them through their representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish by bestowing office only on those who agree with him, or withdrawing it from those who do not.

6. That the public lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and not recklessly squandered on projects of railroads for which our people have no present need, and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness.

7. That the achievement of these grand objects of universal beneficence, is expected and sought in the hands of all who approve them irrespective of past affiliations.

8. That the public faith must be maintained and the National credit preserved.

9. That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow-citizens, as soldiers or sailors, upheld the flag and maintained the unity of the Republic, shall ever be gratefully remembered and honorably recognized.

These propositions so able and forcible presented in the platform of your Convention have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the basis of a true, benevolent National reconstruction; of a new departure from jealousies, strife, and hates, which have no longer adequate motive, or even plausible pretext, into an atmosphere of peace, fraternity, and mutual good-will. In vain do the drill-sergeants of decaying organizations flourish menacingly their truncheons, and angrily insist that the files shall be closed and straightened. In vain do the whisperers of parties, once vital, because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, protest against straying and bolting, denounce men bowing their inferior, as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin. I am confident that the American people have al-

ready made your cause their own, fully resolved that their brave hearts and strong arms shall bear it on to triumph. In this faith, and with the distinct understanding, that if elected I shall be the悲哀 of not only but of the whole people, I accept your nomination, in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen, North and South, are eager to span gads across the bloody chasm which has so long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they are, and must henceforth remain brethren.

Yours, gratefully, HORACE GREELEY.

To Hon. Carl Schurz, President; Hon. George W. Julian, Vice President; and Messrs. William E. McLane, John X. Davidson, J. H. Rhodes, Secretaries of the National Convention of Liberal Republicans of the United States.

GAIL HAMILTON—Miss Grundy writes from Washington. Among our winter visitors is Gail Hamilton, who spends several months at a time as the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Blaine, wife of the Speaker of the House. As is well known the real name of this clever writer is Abigail Dodge. She is a native of Wrentham, a small town about twenty miles from Boston, but her home is in Hamilton, Massachusetts. The abbreviation of her given name and the name of the town in which she resides suggested her nom de plume. Miss Dodge entered the field of letter-writing while residing in Washington. She first came here as governess in the family of Dr. Bailey, of the National Era. She is remembered by those who knew her then as a shy, timid, sensitive little girl, who could scarcely be induced at all to enter a society. Struck by her brightness and originality, Dr. and Mrs. Bailey finally endeavored to induce her to use their visitors and make acquaintances. Presently the Era received sparkling articles from an unknown writer, signing "Gail Hamilton." These were, of course, published, and their authorship never suspected by the Baileys who discussed before the shy little governess the new contributions to the paper. After sometime Miss Dodge acknowledged herself to be the writer, and was greatly encouraged by her kind friends. She continued to write for the Era and when she published her first book it was under the auspices of Dr. Bailey, by whom she was introduced to a publisher. Miss Dodge, while she was not handsome, is rendered attractive by her pleasant manners and great vivacity in conversation.

THE GOLDEN AGE

FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

MR. THEODORE TILTON, Editor of THE GOLDEN AGE announced his journal will give a ringing support to Horace Greeley and Gratz Brown. As Mr. Tilton's paper was the first among the press to nominate Mr. Greeley, the zeal with which this nomination will be sustained by the GOLDEN AGE will be chivalrous and whole-hearted. Mr. Greeley's estimate of Mr. Tilton's journal was thus handsomely expressed in an article from his own hand in *The Tribune* of May 3, 1872:

"The Golden Age, now well into its second year, has found a home in The Tribune building. It is altogether the most independent, freest-speaking newspaper in our city, and one of the most sparkling and readable. Mr. Tilton's article sometimes compels our dissent, but never his. He has the rare art of saying what he thinks in the fewest words, and hence, saying it best. All who know him are his friends, even when constrained to dissent from his opinions, and we predict his journal a brilliant and useful career."

Price of THE GOLDEN AGE during the campaign (from now till election) one dollar per single copy, and seventy-five dollars for a hundred copies. Persons cannot contribute more effectually to the election of Mr. Greeley than by circulating THE GOLDEN AGE. Address

THEODORE TILTON,
Tribune Building,
New York City.

INHERENT GOODNESS vs TOTAL DE-
PRAVITY.

An unfortunate Swabian sailor gave a rare proof of presence of mind at Detroit recently. He was aloft, and fell a distance of a hundred feet, probably fatally injuring him, and while on his terrible descent shouted to those below to "look out." He deserved a better fate—*Ex.*

This not only proves presence of mind, but disproves the Calvinistic doctrine of depravity which maintains that we cannot of ourselves perform any good act from a good motive, or to that effect. See Owen's last work detailing the views of Calvin on this point, which are so repugnant to fact and to every one's knowledge that preachers though professing a belief in those views dare not preach them to-day except in very dark localities.

A. CARON.

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS.

The California Legislature has passed a "bill that religion shall neither be taught nor practiced in the public schools." (—*Newspaper.*)

Right and needed. One teacher at

Riverside taught religion by praying, etc., in the school; he practiced the same by knocking down and otherwise brutally treating a pupil who declined taking a part in his religious exercises. Of course there had to be a pretext, but it was "too thin." Spiritualist, and infidel children have no rights which orthodox teachers consider themselves bound to respect. It is hoped that enactments will be passed in other legislatures calculated to enlighten those benighted individuals.

A. CARON.

WASHINGTON, April 25th, 1872.

PRAYER AND ROMANCE vs HISTORY.

A person intimately connected with John C. Abbott, says the *Watchman and Reflector*, assures us from personal knowledge that that prolific author never allowed himself to write a paragraph of his "Life of Napoleon" without first offering prayer that he might be guided aright.

Quite probable judging from the unreliable character of the work specified.

A. C.

HOT WATER FOR FLOWERS.—It is worth knowing by all who wish for vigorous house plants in the winter, that warm or even hot water will produce an extraordinary growth. It helps to establish sunniness conditions. Mr. R. G. Williams, of the Vermont State Normal School, experimented in the matter last winter, and states that his plants thrived wonderfully when watered frequently with water too warm for the hand. Sometimes water at or near the boiling point was poured in the saucers or on the sides of the pots. It was the testimony of persons from all parts of the country that they never saw so fine geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias, verbenas, passion-flowers and oleanders. If so simple a process can give beautiful flowers, it should be known by all who are keeping house plants.

N. FRANK WHITE.

Resolutions of the Society of Spiritualists of East Saginaw, Mich., presented and unanimously adopted at the close of the three months engagement of N. Frank White, Sunday evening, April 28th, 1872:

Resolved, As the present evening closes the three months course of lectures delivered by our friend and brother, N. Frank White, before the Society of Spiritualists of East Saginaw, we take this opportunity to express to him the great pleasure and satisfaction we have received from his eloquent and instructive discourses, and would tender our thanks not only to him, but also to those spirit teachers who, through him, have given us such convincing proof of the life that is to be.

Resolved, That we testify with pleasure to his pre-eminent ability as a teacher and most eloquent expounder of the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy; and, while giving expression to our heart-felt regret that he is now compelled to part from us and labor in other fields of usefulness, yet we trust it may only be for a season, and assure him that he will ever be the recipient of our affectionate regards, and best wishes for his future happiness and prosperity. Trusting that he may be permitted to return again and minister to us in spiritual matters as in the past, we now tender him an affectionate farewell, and bid him God speed as he departs for the scenes of his future labors, to dispense to other thirsting souls a knowledge of the same sublime and beautiful truths which have brought such comfort and consolation to our own.

Resolved, That the officers of this society present him with a copy of these resolutions, and that they be forwarded to such of our Spiritual papers as may be pleased to give publicity to this testimonial of our affection and esteem.

A. FARNSWORTH, M. D., President.

L. C. WHITING, Secretary.

WE ARE NOT TO SEARCH THE DISTANT HORIZON FOR BEAUTIES, WHILE THE FLOWERS ARE beneath our feet.

Two women have lately been elected School Trustees in Independent School District No. 1, Chester County, Pa. They are married, and are both Quakers. The people are much pleased at their election. They are said to be in every way competent. In Ohio two women were recently appointed Notaries Public, but a stupid judge declared their appointments illegal. It is to be hoped that there are no stupid judges in Pennsylvania.

A largely attended meeting of the ladies of the Methodist churches of New York was recently held to discuss a plan having in view the admission of women to the pulpit as preachers. Reporters were excluded, but it transpired that after two or three set speeches and general discussion of the subject, a committee was appointed to draft a memorial to the General Conference, to meet soon at Brooklyn, N. Y., asking that body to sanction and provide for the ordination of women as ministers of the Methodist church. Some of the first ladies in the city were present at the meeting, and took part in the discussion.

Correspondence.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—Let me "bear my testimony," as the Quakers say, to the excellence of the last few copies of the *Age*. And what does that mean? Do I thereby say that all the sayings of editors and correspondents are true and wise? That would be to make a modern infallible "word of God" of a human production, and we want no more of that. I do not fully agree with all that is said, because sundry persons say their own say and not mine therein, but I do bear testimony to the general value and interest of the matter with which its broad columns are filled, and would ask all to bear in mind the thought and care needed to fill them so well.

Editors do not rest on beds of downy ease. I know it, for I've been there myself, and found scant time to rest on any bed. It requires for higher capacity and character to edit a liberal journal, devoted to the best ideas of the age, than to move on in the beaten path of average common-place journalism, and I only want to suggest some specialism to that fact.

It is not so easy even to select a most imagine. Here I have been hard at work for a good part of a year, delving among books old and new, just to get out four hundred pages, of which less than ten are my own writing, and not "Chapters from the Bible of the Age" is only just finished. A broad gauge *Editor* not Jewish alone, but of many peoples, from the dim distance of Hindooism to the living words of our own ears; not one master but our help. Every week comes the high task of selection and the work of writing also. It is easy, or careless, or thoughtless work? Try it if you think so!

All honor to good work, be it of hand, or head, or heart, and never let the one despise the other! They are the Holy Trinity of the New Dispensation.

Next week I hope to be in Morelia, to see what "what manner of spirits" they are, and thence among the hills and valleys of New England, and back again by the first of June or before, for a summer in Michigan. Truly Yours,

G. B. STURGEON.

DETROIT, Mich., May 1st, 1872.

99 in THE CONSTITUTION.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—Article 1st. of the Amendments to the constitution of the United States reads, in part as follows: Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. Article 6th. of the original constitution, last clause, says: "but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office, or public trust under the United States.

NOW when does the State of Michigan ask Congress to do? They say:

We respectfully ask your honorable bodies to adopt measures for amending the constitution of the United States, so as to render it substance as follows: We the people of the United States, hereby acknowledge Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ, who rules over the nations, and we declare will be of supreme authority in order to constitute Christian Government.

Clearly this would be to make a *bona fide* establishment of the Christian religion, the effect of which would be to proscribe all persons of whatever name or nation except they believe in the Christian religion. Jews, Turks, Chinese, Spiritualists, nationalists, etc.—all who have any honest doubts of the divinity, or infidelity of the Christian Bible, or "his revealed will of supreme authority" in as much as they could not take the oath to support the constitution with this amendment in it, they would be disbarred from all executive and judicial offices, either in the "several states, or United States," as all are alike required to take this oath. This would be requiring a religious test as a qualification to every such office through the whole country, which is now prohibited by article 6th., as before quoted. It will be seen that the adoption of the proposed amendments would necessitate the repeal of this clause of article 6th., else the anomaly would be presented of a provision requiring a test oath, and of one prohibiting it, in the same instrument. But this repeat they have provided for by saying at the close of their petition.

And we further ask that such changes be introduced into the body of the constitution as may be necessary to give effect to these amendments.

This once accomplished, the whole machinery of the government is in their hands beyond a peradventure, as there would be no possible chance for anybody except Christians or hypocrites to get into office; for in the first place it would be a waste of time and foolish expense, to elect or even nominate any others to office, for if elected they could not and if they could would not be allowed to take the oath. These evangelical Christians would offer a bounty for hypocrisy.

The quotations I have made are all there is in the constitution relating to religion.

They are enough, as they secure to every person full and equal protection in worshiping or not, as their conscience may dictate, and restrict all to the use of moral means by which to propagate their religious belief or disbelief. It presents, "no to speak," a perfect moral "water level," any alteration of which must inevitably destroy its equilibrium, and cause a proponderance in favor of some one or more parties to the detriment of some of the other interested parties. If the people at large do not acknowledge in their actions the divine authority, it is worse than useless to attempt a national acknowledgement. If the people do in their actions acknowledge the divine authority, there certainly can be no occasion for the nation to do it. Hence there is no

excuse, much less any reason for the proposed amendments, and those who are for the sake of such amendments, if they are to send the situation, must be seeking some advantage which these amendments will give. The people have no more right to distract than to amend the constitution so as to give authority under it to stamp out religious errors. This would be political suicide. As the individual who commits suicide is judged to be a sinner, so those who would take measures to consummate these proposed alterations would be to be in the same case. The *Age* is to be to them as the *Times* was to me.

GRATUIT, MASS.

ROBERT COLLYER IN BOSTON

Sunday morning, May 5th, Rev. Robert Collyer spoke before the Music Hall Society. A full house greeted him, for among the Bostonians, the "Blacksmiths' Faculty" has many friends of their own.

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